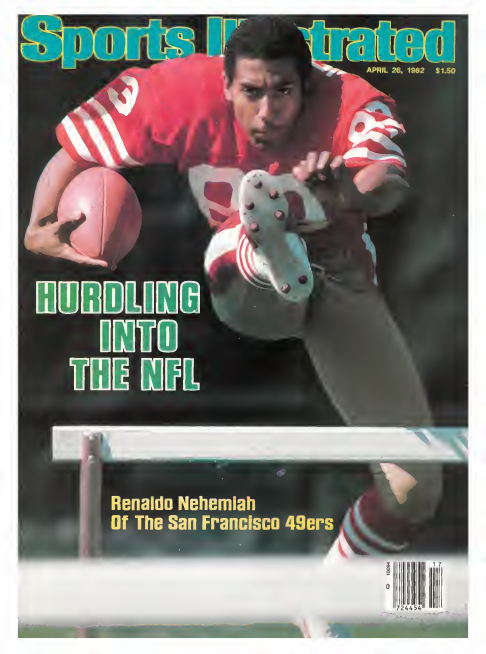


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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



BOYLE: WE'RE VERY GLAD HE GOT THE BIRD

When Senior Writer Robert H. Boyle recently was named 1981 Communicator of the Year by the National Wildlife Federation, we were not at all surprised. The award, which is the environmentalist's equivalent of an Oscar, is given annually to "distinguished journalists who have made outstanding contributions to the conservation of the nation's natural resources."

It's appropriate in Boyle's case that the award is in the form of a bird (specifically, a whooping crane), because birds got Boyle interested in conservation in the first place. In December 1959, Boyle, then in TIME's San Francisco bureau, but writing boxing and baseball stories for us, heard that farmers in northern California were draining Tule Lake, a refuge for some 10 million birds during their southern migration. "I was shocked," says Boyle. "I took it for granted people weren't going to sully the world. I thought it would get better, not worse."

His story on Tule Lake was the first conservation piece he wrote for SI. In it he took on Maurice Strantz, who had left the Bureau of Reclamation to become head of the Tulelake Irrigation District. Boyle used, at the end of his story, Strantz's own words to condemn him: "Land worth \$500 an acre is too valuable to be dedicated to ducks."

"The same scummy element that manipulated boxers and fixed fights during the Frankie Carbo era," says Boyle, "is the kind that pollutes the earth. I've

been called a fanatic, but the guy who's poisoning a river is the fanatic."

Having taken on the Tulelake Irrigation District, Boyle soon found himself battling much bigger opponents, including, among others, the states of Florida and New York, the Army Corps of Engineers and the Federal Government. Of late he has applied his energies to blocking the building of Westway, a New York City project that would put a superhighway and apartment and office buildings on a 234-acre landfill in the Hudson River. Boyle refers to it as "a real-estate hustle to build highways." The National Marine Fisheries Service analyzed a consulting firm's study showing the presence of striped bass in the inter-pter area targeted for the landfill. The Service found that the area is, in fact, the winter nursery for a significant number of striped bass that later migrate out of the river system. The Corps of Engineers knew this but was ignoring it.

As president of the Hudson River Fishermen's Association, Boyle was one of many witnesses who testified against the project in Federal District Court in Manhattan. As he puts it, "The Federal Government was going to give a couple of billion dollars to New York to screw up the Hudson. We were fighting Reagan, Governor Carey and Mayor Koch, among others, but I've got news for them. They lost. Westway is flat on its back and the referee is counting nine."

Indeed, on April 14 a court order was issued prohibiting all work on the landfill project because the Corps of Engineers hadn't properly considered the impact on fish resources and a host of other issues.

"The striped bass has been the noble creature that has led all our fights in the Hudson," says Boyle, "and so far he remains undefeated."

Philip D. Hearst



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Sideline

by FRANZ LIDZ

IF YOU DON'T MIND HIPPOS NIPPING AT YOUR RAFT, TAKE A TRIP WITH SOBEK

Two rafting magnates from Calaveras County, Calif., Richard Bangs and John Yost, now orchestrate adventures from the white waters of Kashmir-Ladakh in India to the ice fields of the North Pole, but when they first began they couldn't even get out of the woods in the Washington, D.C. suburbs. Bangs, 31, and Yost, 29, have been buddies since they were teenagers in Bethesda, Md. and started a high school rafting club that didn't have rafts. They figured they'd copy Huck Finn by building their own craft and launching it into the heady waters of the Potomac, but all they launched was a very tall tale. They were picking up logs for the raft when a forest ranger stopped them; they were so chagrined that they hid out for a couple of days and made up a story about how they had shot the Potomac rapids. It was such a good yarn that it made the school paper. Now they don't have to invent stories. Their adventures are so real that they can rent them out.

Bangs and Yost run Sobek Expeditions of Angels Camp, Calif., the only global adventure-travel company that specializes in rafting. They formed Sobek in 1973 before Bangs set off on pioneering runs down the previously uncharted Awash and Omo rivers in Ethiopia, which were once tributaries of the White Nile but have since changed course. (Sobek is the crocodile god of the Nile.) "We were just a couple of aggressive young guys with no resources at all, who didn't want to do real work," says Bangs. "It really tested our ingenuity."

By posing as a wing-forward on a British rugby team, Bangs was able to fly cut-rate on a charter to Ethiopia. Yost, whose father was deputy chief of the U.S. Mission in Ethiopia, flew over for free as a dependent. They arranged to send their rafting gear with the mission's military mail, and fund the trip in part with grants from the Smithsonian and what is now Addis Ababa University to study the insects and freshwater mollusks of the Omo and Awash. But what they really wanted to study was the water. Bangs spent three months consulting with local electric

"I dreamed of Ali last night. We were in a ring, fighting someplace. In the seventh round, the seventh or eighth, he was saying, 'Don't knock me out...Don't knock me out!' I says to him, 'You gotta get out of here, man. You gotta get the hell out of here!' And then the next thing I remember is we was standing together under a tree, the best of friends. That's what I dreamed last night."

Where did this Larry Holmes quote appear? Where else—in William Nack's article *The Man Who Would Be Champ* in SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, where the dreams and delusion of an individual are as important to the story as the action in the sport he plays.

Sports Illustrated

America's Sports Newsweekly



THE SEARCH FOR ALEXANDER

AN EXHIBITION

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NEW ORLEANS

JUNE 27, 1982—SEPTEMBER 19, 1982

NEW YORK

OCTOBER 27, 1982—JANUARY 3, 1983



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companies about currents and rummaging through dark, dank libraries for charts and explorers' accounts.

Bangs describes his initial 30-day voyage down the Omo in Victorian prose that sounds as if it were written by Stanley shortly before he found Dr. Livingstone: "Imagine for a moment a river so mighty that it has carved out a 4,000-foot canyon of immense proportions, beauty and complexity, yet almost totally unknown except to a handful of the world's cartographers. Imagine, too, this river flowing for countless eons and yet so isolated from human affairs as to exist completely outside human history. Imagine all this and then give the river a name. Call it the Omo."

For \$2,475 plus airfare, Bangs and Yost now send passengers down the Omo, in addition to two dozen other more or less exotic rivers on six continents. Sobek's worldwide network of guides and river rats takes rafters in inflatable rafts down the turbulent Bio-Bio in Chile (15 days for \$1,820), Alaska's glacier-fed Tatshenshini (12 days, \$1,390) and the primitive Watut in New Guinea (six days, \$775).

For those who don't cotton to rafting, Sobek offers, among other things, bird-watching tours of the Andes and Amazon (26 days, \$1,710), camel safaris in the Australian outback (19 days, \$1,740) and treks with Sherpas on the slopes of the Himalayas (30 days, \$1,485).

But rafting is still Sobek's primary product, and it's hardly a tame one. Hippos and crocodiles have a habit of nipping at the inflatable boats as they float down the Omo, and last June all 16 members of an expedition on the Coruh River in Turkey were arrested for rafting without a permit. One of Sobek's original partners, Lew Greenwald, drowned in East Africa seven years ago when his raft capsized. He was buried on the bank of the Blue Nile. Greenwald's death took off some of his partners' wild edge. Bangs brooded about withdrawing from the rafting business altogether. But Yost talked him out of it. "The experience humbled us," says Yost. "We realized that we were challenging a river, and that there were penalties involved."

There are still challenges unmet and rivers unconquered. Bangs and Yost are looking at the great rivers of China, the Yellow and the Yangtze. "Our hope," Bangs says, "is to become the adventure-travel organizers of the world." **END**

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THEY'RE POLLS APART

The New York Times has come out with a telephone poll of NFL players that shows strong support for a strike, although not as strong as that indicated in a mail survey announced by the NFL Players Association last January. The key question in the *Times*' poll: "If the vote were held today, would you vote for a strike over the percentage-of-gross issue or would you vote against a strike?" The responses: 48% for a strike, 16% against, 36% don't know/no answer.

Even before those results were out, the NFLPA, whose contract negotiations with the NFL Management Council have stalled, charged that the poll had been conducted in concert with the council and filed an unfair-labor-practice charge with the National Labor Relations Board. The NFLPA also instructed players who had not yet been contacted not to participate in the survey. The union was upset that the *Times* had acquired the phone numbers of the players it polled from the Management Council. In certain cases, federal labor law has been interpreted as forbidding employers from questioning workers about their positions on labor-management issues. The NFLPA felt that by providing those numbers, management had engaged, at least indirectly, in such questioning. At any rate, it's certain that the council wouldn't have given out the numbers if it hadn't thought it to be in its own best interest to encourage the *Times*' poll. The NFLPA also assailed the *Times*. Although the newspaper said the questions it asked were of its own devising, NFLPA Executive Director Ed Garvey complained that some of them sounded as though they'd been conceived by management, while NFLPA President Gene Upshaw of the Raiders described the questions as "loaded." Upshaw cited these two examples:

1) "In general, how would you rate your own relationship with the owner of [name of player's team]?" (80% described relations as good, 9% as not good, 11% don't know/no answer.)

2) "Do you approve or disapprove of the way Ed Garvey is handling negotiations with the team owners?" (53% ap-

proved, 17% disapproved, 30% don't know/no answer.)

Were those questions, in fact, "loaded"? SI's Jill Lieber contacted Steve Withey, director of the University of Michigan's Survey Research Center, a respected survey organization, who expressed the belief that both questions should have contained gradations. Referring to the second one, he said, "It's better to say 'strongly approve,' 'approve,' 'disapprove' and 'strongly disapprove.'" But Withey concluded that the questions weren't loaded.

All right, since the NFLPA raised the subject of polling methodology, what about its poll? Here are the two most important questions from that one:

1) The Player Representatives have voted to seek a fixed Percentage of Gross as the NFLPA's Number One priority in 1982. I agree —. I disagree —. (92% agreed, 8% disagreed.)

2) Recognizing no one wants a strike, are you willing to strike to achieve our bargaining priorities? Yes —. No —. (95% said yes, 5% no.)

Withey and another expert, Scott Taylor, an analyst with the Lou Harris organization, agreed that both of those questions were biased. Of the first, Taylor said, "The statement about the player representatives tells you where the organization stands. It's a statement that leads to a certain response." The second question was objectionable in part because of the phrase "Recognizing no one wants a strike," which could have had the effect of softening up respondents or, conversely, of discouraging them from admitting they wanted to strike. Withey asks, "How do they know no one wants a strike? That's biased right away."

Withey also questioned the validity of the NFLPA poll on grounds that barely 40% of all NFL players responded. "That's not very good," he said. "If you got another 20 to 30 percent, the figures could be different." But then, the *Times* wound up interviewing only 49% of the league's players—some of the others having heeded the NFLPA's urging that players not respond. Providing scant help to those who wonder whether there will be a 1982 NFL season, Withey said,

"With responses of less than 50 percent, neither poll is conclusive. Each could have got a different half. You can't tell if either poll should be taken as valid as to how the players really feel."

CHAMPION ROOKIE

He played on NCAA, NBA and Continental Basketball Association championship teams—and, what's more, he did so during his first year at each level of competition. Can you name him? (Answer on page 12.)

SHHHHHH

Try to stage a tire-screaming, engine-roaring Formula 1 auto race at the same time that you hold a convention of 4,000 librarians who are accustomed to silence,



and what have you got? Answer: a situation that worries the Special Libraries Association, which five years ago arranged to hold its 1982 convention in Detroit from June 4 to 10. But that was before Motown civic leaders decided to schedule time trials for the first Detroit Grand Prix on June 4 and 5, and the race itself on June 6. The racecourse runs practically past the doorsteps of both Cobo Hall and the Westin Hotel, the convention sites.

Doreen McPhail, a spokeswoman for the organization promoting the race, tries to put the conflict with the Grand

continued

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Prix in a positive light by saying cheerily, "We thank most of the librarians will enjoy the added benefit of being in Detroit during an international event." But association officials are providently trying to move meetings into rooms that they hope will be more insulated from the din outside. They've also printed up bumper stickers that they plan to distribute to the race drivers. The stickers read: I BRAKE FOR LIBRARIANS.

THE NCAA SQUEEZES THE TUBE

A two-part series in *TV Guide* last December cast a harsh light on the unholy alliance between television and big-time sports. The magazine suggested that the NFL used its scheduling powers and the footage that its subsidiary, NFL Films, provides to the networks as levers to ensure favorable TV coverage. It said that baseball used films produced by Major League Baseball Productions to the same advantage. But *TV Guide* concluded that such pressure was most blatantly exerted by the NCAA, which routinely screened all college football telecasts and instructed ABC-TV on how its announcers could improve their performance, letting it be known, for example, when Jim Lampley was found to be "too judgmental." Another example of the NCAA's over-involvement: ABC had wanted to use Fran Tarkenton to provide color on college games, but meekly backed off after the NCAA objected.

Last week came news that the NCAA had thrown its considerable weight around again by vetoing a decision by Turner Broadcasting System, Inc. to use Pepper Rodgers and Paul Hornung as announcers on the 19 college football games Turner has contracted to telecast this season. The action, authorized under the NCAA's contract with Turner, was taken by the NCAA's powerful football television committee, whose chairman, Pac-10 Executive Director Wiles Hallock, said that neither Rodgers nor Hornung had the proper "image" for the job. He said that Rodgers, who did color commentary on a couple of NCAA regional telecasts last season, was too controversial, in no small part because of a \$331,000 breach-of-contract suit he has filed against the Georgia Tech Athletic Association as a consequence of his sacking as the Yellow Jackets' coach in 1979. Hornung was unacceptable, Hallock continued, because of the "shadow" cast on

him by his 1963 suspension from the NFL for betting on games and because he has come to be "identified with pro football more than college football." That was the same objection the NCAA raised in regard to Tarkenton.

With all due respect for Hallock's committee, it's difficult to see how the presence of Rodgers and Hornung on college football telecasts could further damage the image of a sport already sullied, with the rest of college athletics, by lax admission requirements for athletes, transcript abuses, failure of athletes to graduate and widespread recruiting transgressions. It also seems strange that as a possible alternative to Rodgers or Hornung, the NCAA acknowledged that it was looking with favor on Turner Broadcasting's courtship of Irv Cross, who played eight seasons in the NFL and has anchored CBS' *NFL Today* for seven years, an association with professional football that is every bit as conspicuous as Hornung's. Beyond that, one wonders why an organization representing institutions of higher learning supposedly committed to the spirit of inquiry and, yes, to controversy would go to such lengths to censor and sanitize football telecasts. No less puzzling is the willingness of TV networks to sell their journalistic birthright to the promoters of events they purport to "cover." That birthright seems to mean precious little to Robert Wussler, executive vice-president of Turner Broadcasting System. When asked about the fact that Rodgers wouldn't be announcing games for the network after all, Wussler replied, "I have no comment. We have nothing to do with it. It is strictly between the NCAA and Pepper Rodgers."

IMMORTALITY, BOXING-STYLE

The Veteran Boxers Association of Philadelphia is an organization of former fighters who believe, admirably, that miscreants ought to be given the opportunity to pay their debts to society. Somewhat less admirably, the association's members also seem to think that one conspicuous wrongdoer should be, in effect, honored for his misdeeds. The beneficiary of this curious generosity of spirit is Frank (Blinky) Palermo, a Philadelphia numbers-operator-turned-fight-manager who is widely believed to have arranged for Jake LaMotta to dump a bout against Billy Fox, whom Palermo managed, in 1947; whose fighter, Curt

Kennedy was knocked out by Charley Norcross under highly suspicious circumstances in 1950; another of whose fighters, Johnny Saxton, took the welterweight title away from Kid Gavilan under equally dubious circumstances in 1954; and who in 1961 was convicted with Frankie Carbo, boxing's underworld czar, of extortion and conspiracy charges for muscling in on the contract of welterweight champion Don Jordan.

Paroled in 1971 after serving 7½ years in prison on the extortion rap, Palermo, now 77, will be supping on May 9 at Palumbo's, a nightclub in South Philadelphia, the occasion being the Veteran Boxers Association's annual Mother's Day awards dinner. In recognition of the association's heartfelt belief that, in the words of President Tony Morgano, "he did a lot of things for boxing," Palermo will be inducted that evening into the Pennsylvania Boxing Hall of Fame.

LIGHTNING STRIKES A THIRD TIME

The answer to the question posed on page 9 is Henry Bibby, who was a sophomore (freshmen weren't eligible in those days) on UCLA's 1970 NCAA champions and was a rookie on the Knicks' 1972-73 NBA champs. After completing his NBA career last season with San Diego, Bibby, now 33, joined the CBA's Lancaster (Pa.) Lightning this season as an assistant coach and player. He averaged 8.1 points per game and two weeks ago helped the Lightning, whose head coach is onetime Knick teammate Cazzie Russell, wrap up a four-games-to-one victory over the Billings (Mont.) Volcanos in the league's best-of-seven championship series.

THEY SAID IT

- Tug McGraw, Phillies relief pitcher, the proud owner of a 1954 Buick: "I like it because it plays old music."
- Reggie Rucker, Cleveland Browns wide receiver, after watching the Hertz commercial in which O.J. Simpson is shown soaring through the air: "If this guy can fly, why does he need to rent a car?"
- Stan Jones, Denver Broncos assistant coach on Bears owner George Halas' decision last season to get more involved in the club: "This is like Orville Wright coming back and deciding to run United Airlines."

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Braves' New World

It was like October in April for Atlanta after its 11th straight win tied the big-league record

by STEVE WULF

ATLANTA BURNS. BRAVES ON THE WARPATH. SWEET GEORGIA BRAWN. JOSEPH AND HIS AMAZING TECHNICOLOR DREAMTEAM. TORRE, TORRE, TORRE.

And that may be only the beginning, because the headlines won't stop until the Atlanta Braves do. They beat the Houston Astros 6-5 on Sunday for their 11th victory in a row to tie the modern major league out-of-the-gate record set by Oakland last season. It's only April, but pennant fever is rampant in Atlanta—a rabid crowd of 2,500 was at the airport Sunday night to welcome the Braves back from last week's road trip. It's only April, but most of the fans knew that the Braves were four games up on the San Diego Padres in the all-important loss column and five up in the not-so-important win column. It's only April, but the magic number is 148. BRAVES OFF TO TORRE START.

Yes, this is the same team that seemed forever doomed to be the turkey in the middle of the club sandwich that is the National League West. How the Braves got to be the toast of baseball is beyond everybody except themselves. They have a new manager,

continued

Murphy was the center of excitement when he scored Friday's winning run against the Astros.

Joe Torre, and a new outfielder, Brett Butler, but otherwise the starting cast is pretty much the same one that finished fourth and fifth last season. TURNAROUND IN ATLANTA.

It may be only April, but on Sunday it seemed like October when the Braves started pouncing all over each other after defeating Houston in the Astrodome. Atlanta came from behind for the fourth time in five games as Dale Murphy tripled in two runs in the sixth and pinch hitter Biff Pocoreba doubled in the winning runs in the eighth. Rookie Joe Cowley started and was followed by relievers Larry McWilliams, Al Hrabosky and Rick Camp. After Camp retired Art Howe for the final out with the tying run on third, the Braves came streaming out of the dugout.

"I tried to get them inside," said Torre. "It's a little early for that stuff. We should save some for October." When Torre got back to the clubhouse, there was a call waiting from Jimmy Carter. MAIL FROM FORMER CHIEF.

"We have a right to be excited," said First Baseman Chris Chambliss. "But we also have a long way to go."

The Braves' 2-1 victory over the Astros on Saturday had tied the NL mark held by the 1955 Dodgers and the 1962 Pirates. Choose your omen: Those Dodgers went on to win the pennant and the World Series; those Pirates finished



The peripatetic Murphy had four homers and 12 RBIs.

fourth. With that victory, the Braves also surpassed the best start in the history of the franchise. The Boston Beaneaters, led by two Hall of Famers, 33-game winner John Clarkson and Catcher Mike (King) Kelly, won nine in a row to open the 1888 season—and also finished fourth. Phil Niekro didn't come up until September of that year.

"These guys really believe," says Niekro, who actually has been in the organization for only 24 years. "This team hasn't felt this good since we won the division in 1969, and even then we didn't feel like winners until three-quarters of

the way through the season. These kids don't care what time of the year it is. They're beautiful to watch."

The Braves' early success is attributable partly to talent, partly to psychology and partly to dumb luck. They've gotten their share of the breaks during the streak, but the biggest break may have come back in October when Ted Turner, owner extraordinaire, ignored his staff's recommendation and chose Torre to be the manager. ANOTHER CAPTAIN OUTRAGEOUS DECISION.

John Mullen, the general manager, favored Eddie Haas, the Braves' Triple A Richmond manager, to replace Bobby Cox, and the four other top front-office people agreed. "Even Ted agreed," says Mullen, "but then he decided that with the team on television all the time, he needed a personality. Joe had played here, he was a former MVP and he could attract the attention of the New York media. Ted wanted him, and he's the boss; he's the one with the money. It couldn't have worked out better."

Hrabosky, the Hungarian mad about his lack of pitching time the last two years, was overjoyed when he heard Torre would be the manager. Says Hrabosky, "I told a club official over the winter, 'You may have hired him because of a TV decision, but you're going to be thankful you did.' I played with Joe in St. Louis, so I knew what kind of guy he is."

Base thief Butler was gone with the wind six times, while Captain Horner played unexpectedly well on defense at his hot corner.



Besides being the originator of the 12-o'clock shadow, Torre had been the spectacularly unsuccessful manager of the New York Mets for 4½ years. "I learned some lessons," he says. In his keynote address to the Braves in spring training, he told them to run hard, play hard, have fun and see what happens. He also wanted them to get in the habit of winning ball games, so they won their first six, and 12 of 14. They finished the spring with the best record in baseball, 18-7. "Yes, we tried to win in spring training, but I never took a pitcher out of a game or pinch-hit for a guy in order to win," Torre says. "I just tried to instill a winning approach."

Torre's first priority was the much-maligned pitching staff, so he put his two former Met pitching coaches, Rube Walker and Bob Gibson, to work. "Rube taught them how to pitch," says Torre, "and Gibby taught them how to win." The pitchers and catchers sat through extensive meetings with the coaches. "More than anything else," says Gibson, "we tried to teach them to be aggressive out there. We wanted them to be on the offense instead of the defense, to challenge the batters. They had it backwards—they were trying to get hitters out on the inside of the plate, when really it's the inside pitch which is supposed to set up the outside pitch."

"Now I hear them telling each other the same things I was saying to them in spring training. I don't care if I don't get the credit, just as long as they do it."

The results have been astonishing. Through Sunday the staff ERA was 2.07. Rick Mahler, who never before had a shutout, had two already. Bob Walk, with two wins, had doubled his victory total of last year. Hard-luck Tommy Boggs was 1-0, which may not seem like much unless you realize he's 19-42 lifetime. And Niekro, the ace of the staff, is on the disabled list until at least April 23 because of sore ribs.

What's more, there's life in the bullpen. Cox had a tendency to rely too heavily on Camp, but Torre has already shown faith in Hrabosky and Gene Garber. He's been rewarded with six saves—three from Camp, two from Garber and one from Hrabosky. "What this pitching staff lacked was an identity," says Torre. "The staff hasn't had one since Spahn, Burdette and Buhl."

Torre also named Bob Horner captain,



Linares' ninth-inning run helped Atlanta go on to beat Cincinnati 5-2 in the 10th.

the team's first since Hank Aaron left in 1974. Although Torre says Horner earned the designation, this may also be a Wizard of Oz trick, imparting heart with a pocket watch. It worked for the Wizard, and it's worked for Torre. Horner has had three game-winning hits and is fielding third base with unaccustomed ease and skill.

The new face on the Braves belongs to the romantically named Butler. He's what they used to call cocky, but he's also fast and he gives the Braves their first legitimate centerfielder since, oh, Bill Bruton. Naturally he takes a lot of kidding in Atlanta about his name: "People are always asking me where Scarlett is, and when I steal a base, I'm 'gone with the wind.' I don't care. It's all hype," FRANKLY, BUTLER DOESN'T GIVE A DAMN.

Butler, who will carry a lot of offensive responsibility as the leadoff man, had stolen six bases and scored nine runs in the first 11 games. Batting behind him is Glenn Hubbard, a bearded dervish of a second baseman, who, like Butler, was an outstanding high school wrestler. Hubbard and Horner give the Braves the distinction of being the first team in major league history with two characters from Mother Goose in the same infield. HOT HORNER AT THE CORNER. HUBBARD'S CUPBOARD NO LONGER BARE.

The Braves have had a shortstop problem for most of their years in Atlanta. Last season it looked as if Rafael Ramirez was the latest problem; he hit only 218 and made 30 errors in just 95 games. The Braves nearly traded Boggs to the Phillies for Larry Bowa. "When we met just before spring training," says Mullen, "Ted said he thought we would stick with Rafael. We had said he could be our short-

stop for the next 10 years, and we weren't going to let one year change that." Dal Maxvill, another new coach, worked hard with Ramirez, and so far he has made only two errors. Better still, he was batting .333 through Sunday.

The Braves have always had hitters, and that hasn't changed, what with Chambliss at first base and Claudell Washington and Murphy in the outfield. Murphy, who had four home runs and 12 RBIs, is playing his fifth position in his

continued

The Hrabosky scowl is as scary as ever.





Handpicked by Turner, Torre has pitched in with winning words for his new team.

Murphy to deny a home run. Mahler shut out the Astros 5-0 the next day as Murphy and Horner homered.

On to Cincinnati, where the Braves won 6-1 on homers by Horner and Chambliss and the pinching of Walk and Camp. Then Murphy hit a three-run homer, reserve Outfielder Linares went 4 for 4 and Garber pitched 3½ scoreless innings in an 8-5 victory over the Reds. The streak grew to eight with a 5-2 win over the Reds as Benedict doubled in Linares for the tying run in the ninth and drew a walk to force in the winner in the 10th. Afterward, Torre held a meeting to tell the Braves they didn't play well. "Teams listen better after a win," he says.

The acid test came last Friday night. The Braves haven't played very well in the Astrodome in the past because the park discourages home runs. And in the fourth inning Mahler surrendered his first runs in 26½ innings as the Astros went ahead 3-0. Through five, Nolan Ryan had given up only one hit and faced the minimum number of batters. "At that

point we used to lay down and die," Hubbard said later. But now Benedict led off the sixth with a double, Ramirez walked and, after Pocoreba moved the runners up, Butler singled in two runs. Butler scored without a hit—on a stolen base, ground out and wild pitch. Murphy walked and Horner doubled him home. A throwing error gave the Braves their fifth run of the inning, and they went on to win 5-3, thanks to fine relief pitching by rookie Steve (Bedrock) Bedrosian and Camp.

One inning was all they needed on Saturday night, too. Horner's two-run double in the first off Joe Niekro staked the Braves to an early lead, and they hung on to beat the Astros 2-1. Incidentally, the victory prevented the Niekros from moving into second place on the all-time brother victory list behind Gaylord and Jim Perry. The aforementioned John Clarkson and his brothers Arthur and Walter are tied with the Niekros at 386. Walk started, but struggled with his control. WALK ON THE WILD SIDE.

Garber finally nailed down the victory with three innings of perfect relief. Horner also saved at least two runs with a

BRAVES continued

fifth year with the team. "I'd like to think of myself as versatile, but I suspect they're trying to keep me as far away from home plate as possible," says the former catcher-first baseman-center-fielder and recently leftfielder and right-fielder. The present catcher is Bruce Benedict, the only Brave named to last year's All-Star team.

When the Phillies won the world championship in 1980, Dallas Green had a lot of young players on the bench, and Torre has a lot on his. Say hello to Ken Smith, Randy Johnson, Larry Whisenand, Rufino Linares and Matt Sinatro. START SPREADING THE NEWS.

For the record, the streak started on Opening Day when Mahler beat San Diego 1-0 on a two-hitter as Hubbard drove in Butler for the only run. The Braves then took the Padres 6-4, as Murphy had a single, double and home run, and Garber saved for Walk. Murphy had another homer and two RBIs in a 6-2 victory over the Astros with Hrabosky getting the save for Boggs. Win No. 4, 8-6 over Houston, featured Butler's two RBIs and three runs and a great catch by

Mahler was the starter on Friday when the umpires wore borrowed equipment, but the



diving stop at third. Afterward, Garber said, "What record?" He meant it. The Braves were happy about the winning streak, but they also seemed a little bewildered. It's happened so fast.

In the meantime, Atlanta was turning on, particularly to Ted's SuperStation. The bars were buzzing. Schools were letting students watch games on TV and listen on the radio. Acting ticket-sales director Andre DeLorenzo reported peddling about \$40,000 worth of season tickets on Thursday alone. At least three radio stations were encouraging fans to come to the airport on Sunday night.

To cap off the madness, Bob Kelly, who, dressed as a monk, leads cheers atop the Braves dugout, named his son after Rick Camp. Kelly, who also owns the Pew & Brew in Marietta, christened his boy, born shortly after the Braves' eighth victory, Timothy Joseph Camp Kelly. "First time that ever happened to me," said Camp, "but who knows, if we keep this up, there'll be children named Brett Butler and Bob Horner and..."

"I hope we get this record stuff over soon," said Hrabosky, "so we can just start winning." **BRVES' NEW WORLD. ENO**



Kemp in Chicago's new winning colors.

...Speaking Of Streaking

Stop me if you've heard this one, but there was this Mexican pitcher with a poetic name. Spoke no English. Got to the majors and started working right away in short relief. Had five different pitches he threw from three different angles. And they couldn't touch him. Folks were shouting things like "¡Coke!" and "¡Caramba!" Exciting? You wouldn't believe it.

No, this wasn't Fernando Valenzuela introducing himself to the U.S. in September of 1980. This was 24-year-old Salome Barojas—pronounce it sal-o-may-ba-row-hass—late of the Mexico City Reds, lately of the Chicago White Sox, huffing Yankees, Red Sox and Orioles alike with his fastball, curve, change-up, slider and, especially, sinker. Barojas pitched five times in Chicago's first eight games—all wins—allowed two hits in 9½ innings, struck out four, walked one and got the maximum five saves. "I'd venture to say that's never happened before in the history of baseball," said Chicago G.M. Roland Hemond.

Maybe so, maybe not, but you can certainly venture to say that the White Sox have never started 8-0 before. And they did it against a tough schedule. Affected more by the weather than any team in baseball, they played doubleheaders in both their home and road openers. No matter. Dipping in and out of the prepared script, they wowed 'em in New York April 11, beating the Yankees 7-5 in 11 innings as singles-hitter Billy Almon humiliated Goose Gossage with a 439-foot triple. They took the nightcap 2-0 on a Britt Burns-Barojas shutout. In the second game of Saturday's

Comiskey Park doubleheader, Burns and Barojas combined for a 10-6 win. Earlier in the week the White Sox swept Boston at Fenway Park 3-2, 5-4 and 8-4. On Sunday the South Siders beat the Orioles 6-4 at Centerfielder Ron Leflore, who can't field, started a double play with a shoestring catch, and Designated Hitter Greg Luzinski, who can't run, charged home from first on Tom Paciorek's double "White Sox, White Sox—Ooo, ah!" chanted the faithful in Comiskey Park, where 34,322 had gathered.

By trading for First Baseman Paciorek and Leftfielder Steve Kemp, both of whom have hit safely every game, Chicago created a nine-man lineup that doesn't have any holes. Paciorek (.469) has put himself among the league leaders by hitting to all fields with his right-handed Rod Carew stroke. "His concentration is the best in the league right now," says the club's esteemed batting coach, Charley Lau. The bench may be best, too. Reserve Shortstop Vance Law saved a run in the Saturday nightcap with a driving stab of an infield single. "Twenty-five guys," he says. Actually, Pitcher Juan Agosto hasn't played yet, but who's counting?

In the hearts of Chicago's sizable (500,000) Mexican community, Barojas is clearly *numero uno*. Understand, of course, there are differences between him and Valenzuela. The Dodger is left-handed. Barojas right-handed. Salome doesn't throw the screwie—yet. And if Fernando is *muchacho* cute-o, the more compact (5'9", 160-pound) Barojas is *muchacho* handsome.

Hemond and Chicago's Spanish-speaking manager, Tony LaRocca, discovered Barojas on a scouting trip during the 1981 strike and were impressed by his composure and sinker. "Even his fastball drops like a spitter," says Pitching Coach Ron Schueler, "and I swear he isn't loading them up." Barojas made the team with a stellar spring that included a 1.17 ERA. He was thrown into the opener when Burns' arm tightened up after six innings. Barojas gave up a pinch single to Bobby Murcer but wiped him out on a double-play ball, none of the other eight hitters got on. The next day he retired Boston's Tony Perez on a weak grounder with the tying run on third. On Wednesday he faced eight Red Sox hitters and not nine outs, benefit of another double-play ball. That's 18 batters, 19 outs in three appearances. "*¿Una entrada mañana?*" [An inning tomorrow?] he asked Schueler. Nope: Jerry Koosman's nifty 3½-inning stint saved an 8-4 win on getaway day. But on Saturday Barojas pitched two innings of one-hit ball for Burns. Too bad: An unearned run scored when Leflore dropped a sinking liner. On Sunday Barojas came in with none out and one on in the ninth and retired the side. And he says he'll be better when the weather warms. As if the White Sox weren't generating enough heat already. —JIM KAPLAN

Braves had the right stuff to top Houston.



Denver Got A Ton Of O Without X's

The Nuggets' damn-the-plays style generated the NBA's No. 1 offense

by **BRUCE NEWMAN**

Last Friday morning the Denver Nuggets—like their NBA playoff hopes—were up in the air and headed for rough weather. The Nuggets had crushed Houston 141-122 two nights earlier in Denver and were flying to Kansas City, where a victory over the Kings would all but assure Denver a Western Conference playoff berth for the first time since 1978-79. Somewhere over Kansas, the pilot announced that heavy thunderstorms had been sighted and warned his passengers to strap themselves in. David Thompson, the fabled Skywalker—and no stranger to turbulence—continued talking to a teammate while gazing serenely out the window.

Denver Coach Doug Moe, the not-so-fabled Skychicken, leaned back and began to multiply. Moe had wanted to go forth and multiply, but the seat-belt sign was on and the stewardesses would warn him about strolling the aisles, which Moe does ceaselessly because of a fear of flying. A couple of Denver newspaper reporters had challenged Moe to make good an old boast that he could multiply two six-digit numbers in his head, and as the aircraft dipped into a layer of clouds above the fruited plain, the Skychicken finished clucking silently to himself as the numbers whirled through his head. It was a half hour before he announced that $635,794 \times 821,653 = 522,402,047,482$.

"When everybody thinks you're a dummy," says Brooklyn-born Moe, who has never been taken seriously as an NBA coach, "it's kind of nice to be able to do something surprising and blow them away."

Despite being brought rudely to earth by the Kings, 123-121, that night, the Nuggets made the playoffs by defeating the Dallas Mavericks 130-124 in Denver the next night. Even if Denver goes no

further than its first-round mini-series this week against the Phoenix Suns, however, the Nuggets' offense will have left its mark.

The Nuggets' offensive statistical eminence is unequalled. This season Denver became the first team in league history ever to score at least 100 points a game over the entire 82-game schedule; the Nuggets also became only the second team to lead the NBA in scoring (126.5 points per game), field-goal percentage (.520) and free-throw percentage (.796). When the Boston Celtics achieved the last such triple, during the 1954-55 season, they averaged 101.4 points, shot .399 from the field and .776 from the free-throw line. Denver's team scoring average broke the record of 125.4 set by the Philadelphia Warriors in 1961-62, but the Nuggets' defensive average of 126.0 this season was the highest—meaning worst—ever in the NBA.

Denver was the only team to finish the regular season with three players among the league's Top 20 scorers, and not one of them was Thompson, who entered this season with a lifetime 25.4 points-per-game average. Alex English averaged 25.4 (fourth-best in the league) on Denver's remarkable front line with Center Dan Issel (22.9, 10th-best) and Kiki Vandeweghe (21.5, 14th-best).

This season the Nuggets have often been laughed at for their lack of offensive discipline and their lack of anything at all on defense—especially after they lost 13 of their first 22 games. Twelve times this year they have given up 140 points or more, and yet Moe rises for the defense.

"What does the amount of points you give up have to do with how you play defense?" he asks. "We gave up 145 points to Boston and 139 to Los Angeles, and I thought we played good defense in both



games." Moe points out that Denver scored 144 points at Boston and lost the game on a shot with two seconds left, and beat the Lakers 140-139. "If Boston and L.A. are such good defensive teams," he says, "why are we scoring so many points against them? It's all relative."

If ever a team reflected the personality of its coach, the Nuggets are it. "Any team is more disciplined offensively than

PHOTOGRAPH BY MANNY MILLAN

Though he's small for a center, Isael hustles many a big man.

In fact, there used to be dogs running all over the place. "Doug liked to have dogs there," says Jeff Cohen of the *San Antonio Light*, "so when they'd pee on the floor he'd have an excuse to go play golf."

Moe was hired by Denver two summers ago to be Donnie Walsh's assistant, but when Walsh was fired just before midseason, Moe became the head coach. After the season ended, Moe hired Walsh as his assistant. Even Walsh was somewhat skeptical of his successor's methods until the Nuggets finished 26-25. This season Denver went 46-36, the team's best record in three years, and despite some talk at the All-Star break about merging with the Utah Jazz to become the league's first ski resort, the Nuggets' 17-7 surge over the last part of the season brought the fans back to McNichols Arena.

"A lot of teams believe in running on missed shots and steals," Walsh says. "Some teams even run on made shots, but they run into set plays so they're not going to run as hard. Doug's philosophy is to beat the other team down the floor every time. I think the evolution of basketball will take us where

Doug already is."

Another example of Moe's coaching tactics is his approach to free throws—the Nuggets don't practice them. "We don't even talk about it," Moe says. "Hey, why mess up a good thing?" Not only did the Nuggets lead the league in foul shooting, but they also attempted a staggering 624 more free throws than did their opponents. They shot 45 free

throws or more in 17 games this year. In late February, Isael sank 63 straight free throws, the second-longest streak ever.

In his 12th pro season, the 6' 9", 240-pound Isael is still outworking everybody, running tirelessly on offense while trying to contend with centers almost a head taller than he. Being outweighted and outmuscled is a common problem for the Nuggets, so much so that 6' 4" Guard T.R. Dunn leads the team in offensive rebounds. Despite his slight build (6' 7", 190 pounds), English has been a giant. "He's really amazing because there are so many things he can't do," Moe says. "He doesn't have great quickness, he can't handle the ball, and when it gets physical, who's Alex going to push?"

Vandeweghe's emergence has been the big surprise. "I didn't expect Kiki to be such a good scorer," says Moe, "and if David had been playing, he probably wouldn't have been." Thompson missed 21 games this season because of an assortment of injuries and a two-game suspension that followed a clash with Moe when David showed up late for practice on Christmas Day. "If David had just worked his way back in," Moe says, "he would have gotten his minutes. For two years this team has been losing, then it just so happens that we start winning while David's out. You always have a tendency to go with a superstar, but there comes a time when you have to judge it on merit. I think if everyone had just given David a little time without all the controversy he would have been fine."

Instead, Thompson's confidence—always shaky at best—fluttered away from him. The Denver fans took Thompson's side, often calling for him from the stands. Last week as the Nuggets routed Houston, Thompson hit 10 of 14 from the field for 26 points. But it was a shot he blocked, against Allen Leavell—his body knifing out of nowhere to save a sure basket, though he picked up a foul—that won him a standing ovation. For the first time this season, the Skywalker was once again aloft, and the Nuggets were winging toward the playoffs. Up on the flight deck, the Skychicken had his eyes closed and his hand on the throttle, giving it full speed ahead.

8800



we are," Moe says, "because our players can do anything they want to if they get open." Getting open is one of the things Moe and his teams do best. During his 3½ seasons at San Antonio, the Spurs were regularly atop the league in scoring and having their defense ridiculed by opposing coaches. To say nothing of their practices. Coby Dietrick used to bring his dog to shootarounds to play Frisbee with.



In the Wood, a whip wielded well by Angel Cordero sends Air Forbes Won past Shimaloree and makes LaBoccetta pleased but puzzled.



They're Heading Into The Homestretch

A thrilling Wood Memorial started the countdown to the 108th Kentucky Derby

by WILLIAM NACK

Frank LaBoccetta didn't try to conceal the curious sense of disappointment he felt last Saturday. Curious, to be sure, because the 44-year-old trainer had just won the most important race of his career with Air Forbes Won in the \$175,200 Wood Memorial at New York's Aqueduct racetrack, and at the moment he was celebrating with a glass of cham-

pagne. This was the colt's last major prep for the Kentucky Derby, the race LaBoccetta has been aiming for over the last few months, and LaBoccetta simply couldn't figure the way his horse had run.

Air Forbes Won bears a striking resemblance to his sire, the 1976 Wood and Derby winner Bold Forbes, and the colt had given signs that he had a measure of his sire's flash and fire on the racetrack. Unraced as a 2-year-old, Air Forbes Won

broke his maiden in his first career start on March 4 at Aqueduct, winning by almost eight lengths, then trounced a field of allowance horses on March 20, winning by three. Two weeks later, in the one-mile Gotham Stakes at Aqueduct, he ran down Shimaloree, and won by more than three.

"This colt is just as important a Derby horse as Timely Writer," Lenny Hale, the New York racing secretary, said of Air

Forbes Won after the Gotham. Thus many expected that the Wood, the colt's fourth lifetime start and his first race around two turns, would make him a leading figure at the big dance in Louisville. But it didn't happen. Air Forbes Won beat Shimatoree by a neck in the Wood, following a long, arduous battle against a high wind through the stretch, but it took him all of 1:51 to get the job done—very uninspired running time. Thus the performance left LaBoccetta slightly subdued.

"It did discourage me a little bit," he said. "I thought he would run better. I don't want to make excuses for him—I'm glad that he won—but I really thought he would run better. This is only his fourth start. Think about it. We're running a green horse. Then maybe we got too high on him. . . ."

If so, LaBoccetta will find out for sure on Derby Day. The colt is expected to be one of perhaps 15 3-year-olds—including one filly, Cupecoy's Joy—to try the Derby's 1¼ miles. The central question, of course, is whether there is a 3-year-old in the land who can whip Timely Writer, the winner of the Flamingo Stakes and Florida Derby and, at the moment, the prohibitive favorite for Churchill Downs. Trainer Dominic Imprescia has done a superb job in bringing the colt to the race, training and racing him with obvious confidence. "I believe that I have the best horse," Imprescia says. "He's a champ; no one's going to beat him this year."

So far, few are arguing the point. The class of '82, as it has revealed itself this winter, isn't a vintage one, not a 1957 or 1973, and there have been some keen disappointments. Stalwart, a West Coast colt who showed much promise, broke down. Star Gallant, touted in Florida as the second coming of Pegasus, had everything his own way in the Florida Derby until Timely Writer grabbed him by the throat and outran him to the line.

D'Accord, who bedazzled Kentuckians last fall with his 7½-length victory in the Breeders' Futurity at Keeneland, is now being trained by his owner, Bertram Firestone, and has yet to win a race this year. After the colt folded in the stretch to finish third in the 1¼-mile Calumet

Purse on April 13 at Keeneland, Louisville *Courier Journal* columnist Billy Reed had shed row chuckling when he dubbed him D'Accordion. Firestone didn't laugh.

"I brought him up to his race [the Calumet] as good as a horse could be brought up to a race," said Firestone, who parted with Trainer LeRoy Jolley last fall. "If he runs a good race in the Blue Grass, I'll probably run him in the Derby. Anyway, it's not the end of the world. Win some, lose some."

There are perhaps three horses that have a reasonable chance to beat Timely Writer in the Kentucky Derby: Hostage, Muttering and El Baba. And there are a handful of others who have long-shot possibilities, including Gato Del Sol and Air Forbes Won. Of the principal contenders, the most intriguing is Hostage, the winner of the Arkansas Derby and a son of the great

Nijinsky II out of a mare sired by Val de Loir, a French champion. "Hostage has got the best pedigree in the race," says John Nerud, the manager of Tartan Farm, which bred and owns Muttering.

Hostage also pulled off one of the nastiest upsets of the winter when he whipped odds-on favorite El Baba, who had won

continued



Derby favorite Timely Writer may bring home the bacon for his owners, meat suppliers Peter and Francis Martin.



eight of nine career starts (he finished second in his other race), in the Arkansas Derby on April 10. Hostage's trainer, Mike Freeman, was about the only witness at Oaklawn Park who expected the 15-to-1 shot to pull it off. Freeman had gone slowly with the colt as a 2-year-old, starting him five times, and after he broke his maiden on the turf at Belmont Park last September, Freeman did not start him this year until Feb. 26, when he finished second in an allowance race at Hialeah.

"I was elated with that race," Freeman says. So three weeks later, he wheeled Hostage back in another allowance race, at Gulfstream Park, and won by 2½. Getting him ready for the Arkansas Derby, Freeman shipped the colt to Aiken, S.C., for a quick vacation. "Just for a change in climate," he says. "It was 80 degrees in Florida. In Aiken the highs were 60, 65. We hacked him around sandy roads. More the British way of training." That done, Freeman shipped him to Oaklawn Park, and on the Monday before the Arkansas Derby he drilled the colt three quarters of a mile in a heavy fog. Freeman caught Hostage in a sharp 1:12½, then called up to the clocker's booth to double-check the time.

"Did you catch my horse going three-quarters?" Mike asked.

"No," said the clocker. "What did you get him in?"

The clocker didn't believe in Freeman (right) and Hostage until the Arkansas.



El Babs ran second to Hostage at Oaklawn Park, but he was carrying a heavier load.

"Twelve and four," the trainer said.

"No way!" bellowed the incredulous clocker, who promptly hung up the phone. So the work never appeared in the *Daily Racing Form*. "That's one reason the horse went off at 15-1," Freeman

said. "The guy just didn't believe me."

In the Arkansas Derby, Hostage tracked the pace-setting *Advance Man* to the far turn, blew past him to take the lead nearing the three-quarter pole, opened up three lengths in midstretch and ended up winning by two lengths from El Babs.

Freeman made his professional reputation in the late 1960s when he trained champion *Shuvee* to win the Triple Crown for fillies in New York, then beat the colts twice with her, in 1970 and 1971, in the two-mile Jockey Club Gold Cup. Hostage will be the first horse Freeman saddles for the Kentucky Derby, and he likes his chances. Hostage beat a nice colt to get where he is now.

"I think El Babs is a helluva horse," Freeman says. "We got nine pounds from him in Arkansas and that could have made a difference. There's not a 3-year-old in the country with his form. Very consistent. I have great respect for him. For *Timely Writer*, too. I saw his two races [the *Flamingo* and *Florida Derby*] and I was very impressed. And *Muttering* won the *Santa Anita Derby* and ran like a bulldog."

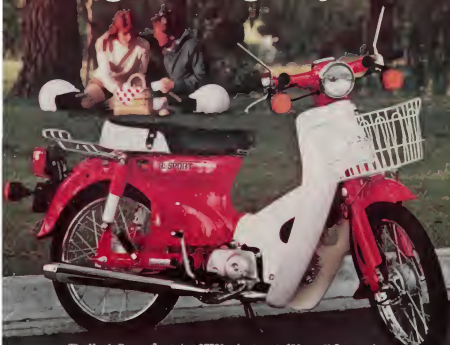
Muttering came from the same outfit that entertained us with *Codex*, the colt who won the controversial 1980 *Preakness Stakes* over *Genuine Risk*, the filly who had just won the *Kentucky Derby*. *Muttering* will also be one of the best-hired horses in the Derby, a race in which breeding tends to be a deciding factor more often than not. The colt's pedigree is Pan-American.

continued



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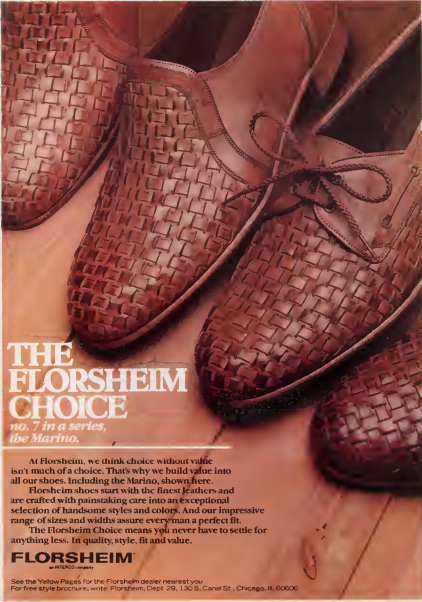
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Several years ago, Nerud was trying to sell a stud prospect named Country Doctor, a son of Dr. Fager, to a South American breeder. Nerud wanted \$15,000. The South American balked at the price, offering instead to pay for the stud with a broodmare.

"Send me a mare you think is worth \$15,000," Nerud told him. He was shipped a mare named Malvine. Nerud bred her to Drone, a gray horse that the late Bull Hancock, the owner of Claiborne Farm, called the fastest horse he ever owned. To that cover, Malvine produced a roan colt that Tartan Farm called Muttering.

When Muttering won the Santa Anita Derby on April 4, Nerud was tickled. "It was a grand race," he says. "Prince Spellbound ran to Muttering, but he couldn't get by him. This is a nice racehorse. But to win a race like the Kentucky Derby is very difficult to do. There's an awful lot of luck involved in it. I do think that Muttering is the best 3-year-old from the West Coast. The question is: Does he have as much class as Timely Writer? We don't know."

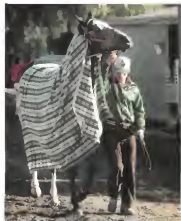
But know we will soon enough. As we will know, too, about Gato Del Sol, Spanish for "Cat of the Sun," who finished fourth in the Santa Anita Derby—beaten by 3½ lengths—and has been training in Kentucky for the Derby. And Cassalera, the one-eyed colt, who had traffic problems in two of his last three races (he got boxed in during the San Fe-

lice at Santa Anita, finishing third but beaten by only three-quarters of a length, and he was brushed and ran wide in the Santa Anita Derby, in which he was sixth), then crossed the line third in last Saturday's California Derby, a length and a half behind the 40-to-1 shot winner, Rockwall. And Royal Roberto, who got beaten by just half a length by Linkage in the Fore-runner Purse at Keeneland on April 15.

If the backstretch at Churchill Downs has its share of first-time Derby trainers in 1982, there is also the prospect that it will have its veterans, too. Trainer Lucien Laurin, who won the Derby 10 years ago with Riva Ridge and the Triple Crown a year later with Secretariat, was living in semiretirement at the Ocean Reef Club in North Key Largo, Fla., when he started putting around with Stage Reviewer. He'd bred the colt himself, and his wife owns him. Laurin's son Roger almost ended up training him.

"I knew before I ran him last year that he was a nice colt," Lucien says. "I told Roger, 'Take him for me.' But he said he had enough to do. He told me, 'Why don't you fool around with him? It'll do you good to get out of Ocean Reef.' So I took him." Stage Reviewer showed some ability last year, winning two of four at Calder Race Course, and two more this year before he jumped up and ran second in the Tampa Derby. In the Calumet Purse, he caught D'Accord and Call to Arms inside the 16th pole and drew off to win by a length.

Next morning, Lucien Laurin was fidgeting as Trainer Herb Stevens pressed him: "You've got to run the horse in the Blue Grass, Lucien. You've got to give him the chance." Out of retirement, and just tinkering around, Laurin may have stumbled into the Kentucky Derby. "I don't know," he says. "We'll see how he does. But he is a nice colt. I told Roger..." Roger laughs. His dad had been living a lot in the past, he says, talking about what had been but was no more. "It's nice to see him involved in something



Well-bred Muttering is best in the West.

that is happening now," Roger says.

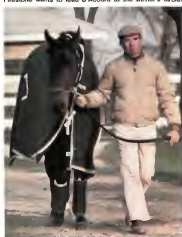
As is Frank LaBoccetta, a former brickmason who gave up his trade in 1968 to begin apprenticing as a trainer under Walter Kelley. Three years later LaBoccetta was on his own, and Air Forbes Won is the horse he has been waiting for since he began. He gets up at three in the morning these days because he can't sleep. "I can hardly wait to get to the barn to see him," he says. "I don't live far away and I go back and forth, from home to him, to see him all the time." This is it, you see; this is Frank LaBoccetta's big horse, his Derby horse.

The Wood was a bit discouraging, but that was yesterday. In this game, the Kentucky Derby always means tomorrow. Everyone is down there to take a shot at Timely Writer: Laurin with the horse he's been fooling with; Nerud with the son of the mare he traded the stud prospect for; Freeman with the colt whose work the clocker at Oaklawn wouldn't believe; and LaBoccetta with the colt who looks like Bold Forbes.

Ed Anchel, who manufactures car stereos, showed up at the Keeneland summer yearling sale two years ago ready to pay \$100,000 for Air Forbes Won. The colt was the fourth yearling led into the ring. "People hadn't settled in their seats," Anchel says. "I got him for \$50,000. I said, 'Did we miss something? Does he have four legs?'"

Yes, he does. And now they're in Louisville, as ready as LaBoccetta can make them to get a mile and a quarter. **END**

Firestone wants to lead D'Accord to the winner's circle.





'...But Can He Take A Hit?'

That was the annoying refrain as world-record holder Rinaldo Nehemiah tried out the pros—and they him. In the end he chose the 49ers
by **JOHN PAPANEK**

The way Rinaldo (Skeets) Nehemiah has it figured, the last remaining skeptics in America will become true believers on Oct. 4, the first time next season that the defending Super Bowl champion San Francisco 49ers will appear on *Monday Night Football*. That evening—barring some totally unforeseen act of

God—wide receiver Nehemiah, No. 83 in your program, No. 1 in the world of high hurdling for the past four years, will answer the final question. Not “Can he catch the football?” But “Can he catch it and take a hit?” That has been the one and only doubt—not Nehemiah’s, of course—that the savants of the National Football League have been noising about since Feb. 23, the day he decided to set his sights on pro football.

Nehemiah’s self-confidence has a disarming effect, for the fact is that he has



that the 49ers were the winners: Washington, New England and Oakland made Nehemiah offers that were very nearly as good.

"You might call it a risk on our part," said Walsh last week, "but it's not a long shot by any means. There's every reason to believe that Renaldo Nehemiah can play National Football League receiver and be very competitive for a job."

For the moment, Nehemiah is certain he has done the right thing by leaving track, if for no other reason than this: After running a marathon of pro tryouts—the equivalent of traveling around the world in 40 days to be tested by eight different NFL teams—he has received more attention than he did for any of the 13 indoor and outdoor world records he set in four years of gliding over hurdles. And what happened during that trip? Well, suffice it to say that Nehemiah and his lawyer, Ron Stanko, mostly remember it from the movies they watched on their transcontinental hops. On their first three tentative trips from Nehemiah's home in Gaithersburg, Md. to visit teams on the West Coast and in Dallas, they saw *Roll Over* three times. Late in the odyssey, when they needed encouragement, it was *Absence of Malice*. Finally, with the pot of gold clearly in sight, what should come up on the in-flight screen but *Rich and Famous*.

It had to be. If one were to search for a male "10" to describe the contemporary incarnation of the American dream of good looks, intelligence, personality and superb athletic qualities, here is a prime candidate. Nehemiah has established himself as one of the greatest performers in the history of track and field, easily the best high hurdler ever, possessed of a body with perfect wide-receiver proportions—6' 1", 177 pounds; a 43" chest narrowing to a 29" waist; muscled but supple 22" thighs—perhaps the best all-around athlete in the world.

In the hurdle sprints Nehemiah was virtually unbeatable, except—and usually only when injured, Nehemiah is quick to point out—by his longtime rival, Greg

Foster. From the track world he will be taking with him a legacy of doing what was once considered impossible—breaking 13 seconds in the 110-meter highs. Last summer, Nehemiah produced that stunner, a 12.93 in Zurich.

Bob Hersh, the records chairman for The Athletics Congress, says, "I doubt that we'll see anyone else under 13 seconds in the 110 meters for many years. And we may not see a new world record in this century."

But Nehemiah says he has run his last race. For the record, it was the 60-yard hurdles at the Millrose Games in New York last February, one month before his 23rd birthday, in 6.84, .02 off his own world record. A few weeks later he decided finally that the hurdle sprints were simply too easy, not challenging enough. He had talked in the past about training for other events—the 200, the decathlon, the 400 hurdles, over which Edwin Moses has reigned undefeated for nearly five years. But now he was admitting to himself that such talk was a smokescreen. What it meant was that his motivation had dried up. The 13-second barrier was gone. There was no satisfaction in beating Foster anymore.

He also wanted—craved—more exposure. He has movie-star looks, glitziness and a positive personality, but his sport wasn't of the kind to give him a high profile in non-Olympic years, and the Olympic limelight of 1980 was denied him because of the U.S. boycott. When the opportunity came for him to participate in the made-for-television competition, *The Superstars*, in 1981, he won it going away, and this year he won it again, against the likes of James Lofton, Gary Carter and Bob Seagren.

It was at the Superstars competition in Key Biscayne, Fla. last February that the football idea first took root. Nehemiah was wowing everyone, winning the half-mile bicycle race and holding his own in bowling and the half-mile run. In golf, a three-shot, closest-to-the-hole contest at about 150 yards, Nehemiah, who figures he has played the game only a dozen

continued

never, ever, in his 23 years, set out to do something that he has not done superbly. A few cynics might think that what he has set out to do now is to get a fat NFL contract and that he has slickly conned the 49ers, but then a smart man like Bill Walsh, the head coach and general manager, wouldn't be likely to give a pure trackman a four-year deal—first year guaranteed, plus a six-figure signing bonus and an incentive plan that could make the package worth \$1.5 million—on a whim. It's important to realize

times, barely hit the ball on his first attempt. On the next, he nailed a nine-iron to within 13 feet of the hole, which proved to be the winning shot. In the obstacle course event, which he also won, he became one of the few competitors ever to vault the 12-foot wall without using a rope—he simply leapt, kicked with one foot, and was over. But it was his weightlifting that caused the greatest stir. He placed second, pressing 265 pounds, to Mark Gastineau, the 6' 5", 280-pound defensive end for the New York Jets, who lifted 300.

Shortly thereafter, Gastineau approached Nehemiah and said, "Hey,

He believes that false modesty is just that—false. But his readiness to acknowledge his own greatness is a trait that many people, especially nonathletes, take for cockiness, a judgment that generally causes Nehemiah to feel uneasy around people he's meeting for the first time. And he had often thought about playing pro football. At Scotch Plains-Fanwood High School in New Jersey he had been a 155-pound wishbone quarterback, but he hadn't played the game at all at the University of Maryland, from which he graduated last spring.

The morning after this year's Superstars final, Collinsworth took Nehemiah

to choose his own team ... and his own price.

Con: Once he signed a contract to play football, he would become ineligible for all time (as the rules stand today) to compete in international track events, including the Olympics, forever sacrificing the chance to win the one prize that has eluded him—Olympic gold.

Pro: He could well be the fastest man in football, possessed of no "bad habits," a clean machine, with an opportunity to learn his team's offense from scratch the way a child picks up a foreign language.

Con: He would be giving up not only his incontrovertible "world's greatest" status in one sport for another in which greatness is measured on a more subjective scale, but also the independence of an international track star for the strict X-and-O discipline of a coach and a team. Also, he would be sacrificing an annual six-figure income from track, including under-the-table payments, with only the slightest chance that it could all come crashing down because of an injury, for a game fraught with violent physical contact.

Pro: If he were to succeed in pro football, he would find not only fame and fortune but also opportunities, specifically in television broadcasting—he majored in communications at Maryland—that are generally not available to track athletes.

Nehemiah didn't lose any sleep making his choice. "Shoot, here are three professional football players telling me they think I'd be great," he mused. "If they think that, I might as well go and check it out." He gave Stanko, a former teammate and roommate of Marty Liqueori at Villanova, the go-ahead to get on the telephone.

"I was the Number One high hurdler with the intent to run and win the '80 Games," he says. "We didn't go, so I missed my gold medal. I've been the best in the world since 1978 and I could probably be the best through '84, maybe through '87 or '89. But I'm not so full of myself that I have to remain Number One for 10 years, or even five. I've experienced it. I mean—I was great. When I finally decided to go all the way with football, it was because I just wasn't getting enough out of my talents in track and field. I wasn't being rewarded enough, and it was humiliating to me. I looked at the other sports and I realized that if we had the same pay scale [in track], I'd be



In his restaurant, Theismann (center) provided Skeels and Stanko with more than nuts.

men, have you ever thought about playing pro football?" Cris Collinsworth, last season's sensational rookie wide receiver for the Cincinnati Bengals, asked the same question. And Dwight Clark, who could never have imagined that within two months Nehemiah would be a fellow member of the 49er receiving corps, agreed. "First of all," said Clark, "I always thought he had the greatest name I had ever heard. Renaldo Nehemiah. I was star-struck, especially when I saw him go over that wall without the rope. Seeing the kind of athlete he was I knew he could learn to play football."

Nehemiah characteristically accepts praise as his due, and why shouldn't he?

out bright and early and showed him some pro pass patterns, and that afternoon they enlisted a friend to throw passes. It was confirmed that day—as if there could ever be any question about it—that Renaldo Nehemiah never does anything halfway. He ran hard, cut hard, leaped high in the air, dove into the dirt, and he caught nearly every ball thrown to him. "You sure look like a pro wide receiver to me," Collinsworth said.

Nehemiah ran the pros and cons of signing a football contract over in his mind. Pro: Because he was one year past graduation and had never played college football, he wouldn't be subject to the NFL draft. He would be a free agent, able

getting over a million dollars a year. It got to the point where I'd have to break a world record every time I ran, not just to make money but to keep from getting bored. Well, after I had broken 13 seconds, something that once was considered impossible, I had done everything in track that I wanted to do. I told Ron that I had to do something different, and the only sport I know that I've always wanted to do was football."

So the odyssey began, under a shroud of secrecy intended to protect Nehemiah from the remote disgrace of failure. "The first thing I told Skeets," says Stanko, "was that we needed a professional opinion as to whether or not he could play football, before we went and made fools of ourselves with this thing." So Stanko put in a call to Sam Wyche, quarterback coach for the 49ers, and was told that his client was welcome to come for an opinion. Meanwhile, it was all Walsh & Co. could do to contain their excitement. As Super Bowl champions, the 49ers have the last pick in the draft. If Nehemiah could play and if the 49ers could meet his price, Walsh would have himself a bonus he could never have expected.

Scouts were dispatched to check with Nehemiah's former coaches; others were assigned to research his track career and injury history. One scout, Proverb Jacobs, who is also a longtime track coach, advised the 49ers about how much money Nehemiah would be giving up by leaving the track world.

When Nehemiah later learned about this snooping, he wasn't upset. Far from it. If Nehemiah the trackman was frustrated because track and field's "amateurs" made so little money compared to athletes in other sports, what bothered him even more was that so many people believed that they make virtually nothing, including several executives on NFL teams. Philadelphia, for example, at first offered him around \$35,000 for his first year, and he felt insulted by low-ball offers from other teams, which apparently didn't realize that Nehemiah's income from track was approaching \$100,000 per year. And that was over and above his salary and royalties as a consultant for the Puma shoe company, with whom Nehemiah signed a five-year endorsement contract in 1980 that should reach \$100,000 a year. A knowledgeable track insider—and the 49ers' Jacobs is one—would know, for example, that an athlete of Nehemiah's caliber can command as

much as \$5,000 per race in major European meets while luminaries in more glamorous events get as much as \$25,000. That so few football people know the facts of economic life in track really surprised Nehemiah and added to his general impression that front-office men were naive, narrow-minded and not very bright as a group. "They act like they're going to give me 10 dollars and I never had a penny before in my life," he said. "That I should be happy just to be allowed into pro football. What burned me most often was when they gave the impression that I wasn't serious."

On Sunday, March 7, Nehemiah ar-

ried at Stanford and James Owens of UCLA on the 49ers, immediately saw football instincts in Nehemiah. "I was tremendously impressed," said Walsh. "He was very graceful. Often you'll see a track athlete, even a great one, who isn't necessarily a graceful runner. But this man is fluid in his movement. He can slide laterally and run almost effortlessly, achieving direction, whereas so many trackmen can run only in a straight line. He can accelerate, he can glide, he can burst, he can find an object—the football—and sprint to it and then gauge it as it comes down and catch it, where often a trackman cannot adjust his speed to a moving object.



In the film room, Redskin assistant Dan Henning briefed Nehemiah on pro pass routes.

rived in San Francisco. After strapping on a pair of Adidas cleats with the triple-stripe trademark hidden with tape—Puma had yet to be told formally of its premier track consultant's decision, and Nehemiah had no Puma football shoes with him—Nehemiah took the field. Wyche, a former quarterback, was throwing. Walsh was watching and Clark was on hand for moral support. Clark said he could have been watching an All-America in action. "Sam must have thrown 50 passes and I think Renaldo dropped two," Clark said. "He looked great."

Walsh, who has coached other trackmen-turned-football-players, like Lofton

Renaldo has a natural instinct for all these things. Plus, I couldn't believe his upper-body strength."

Of course, Walsh kept these opinions to himself and his staff until after Nehemiah had signed, 39 days later. On this particular day, when the workout was over, Nehemiah trotted over to the 49er coaches. "Well, can I catch?" he asked, feeling fairly confident that the question was rhetorical.

Walsh nodded a sort of "maybe," then took Stanko aside and began talking contract conditions.

As Stanko walked with Walsh, Nehemiah winked and mouthed the words, "Piece of cake."

continued

There was no time for exultation, though. First of all, Walsh implied that signing Nehemiah would represent a "calculated risk," seeing as how he hadn't played football since high school, "and we don't know how well he can take a hit." Second, Nehemiah was due in Dallas that very evening, and off he went to catch the plane.

Nehemiah felt very honored to be working out on hallowed Cowboy turf the next morning before hallowed Coach Tom Landry and hallowed Vice President, Personnel Development Gil Brandt. He felt insulted, too, when he was given a "personality test" that included questions such as this one: "If a car goes nine miles in 30 minutes, how many mph is that car traveling?"

The Cowboys liked Nehemiah's potential well enough, but whenever contract discussions came up, they would launch into what Stanko came to call "The Speech." "No one gets any kind of guarantee from the Cowboys. Get serious," they said. "Tony Hill doesn't have one, Dorsett doesn't have one, Daney White doesn't have one. A Cowboy has to prove that he belongs." The Cowboys would be pleased to sign Nehemiah on a trial basis, maybe have him return some punts and kickoffs, and see if he could win a position in two or three years. After all, he had got most of the answers on the "personality test" right.

A few days later Nehemiah received a call from his girl friend, Kyle Copeland, a tennis player at Pepperdine University. She had been in a tournament in Dallas, and the wife of a Cowboy scout had



Skeets leaped a pr of 39 inches for Art Rooney Jr.

learned who she was; Brandt had called her repeatedly. She was constantly escorted around the town. "You don't have any idea how badly the Cowboys want you," she told Nehemiah.

"Up to that point, I wasn't really sure if anybody really wanted me," says Nehemiah. "That the Cowboys were trying to get to me through Kyle let me know things were getting serious."

It was time for him and Stanko to come up with their basic negotiating scenario. One important factor, they decided, was that the team that signed Nehemiah must, at the very least, match his

track income. On top of that, the first year must be guaranteed, so that the team would be contractually committed to giving him a chance to learn its particular offense, and there must be at least two more years with increased salaries for added security. There would also have to be a series of incentive bonuses, because as a trackman, Nehemiah was accustomed to performing under such a system. These would begin with a small bonus for being in uniform on opening day and progress for numbers of passes caught and touchdowns scored, all the way up to the possibility of his making All-Pro. And, just for giving up his "world's greatest" status in track, he would require a six-figure signing bonus.

Stanko, who has represented other trackmen, including Liqueori and Don Paige, but was making his first foray into football, insisted that the negotiating ethics must at all times be honorable. Under no circumstance would they "shop" any

team's offer to other interested teams. Nehemiah, a bright and sensitive man, didn't want to ask for too much money, because he was already concerned that other NFL players would resent him. "I'm just breaking in," he said. "Already it's obvious that I'm going to be making more money than some receivers who have been playing for a while. My ego says to make a lot of money, as much as I can... but I have to live with these guys, too. And I don't want to give the impression that I'm a real jerk. Although I think my talents are worth a bidding situation, we will not allow that to happen. Still, I'm giving up a lot. I'm the one taking the gamble here."

"This is what I'm telling the teams," said Stanko. "If Skeets hits all these incentives we're talking about in his first or second year, then you guys bought yourselves a superstar. And you didn't pay very much for him."

If Skeets doesn't hit many of the incentives?

"Let's put it this way," said Nehemiah. "Providing I don't get hurt and I get a fair shot, I know I'm go-



Just cruising, Nehemiah ran a 4.36 40 when Pittsburgh assistant timed him.

ing to be a good football player, I actually had déjà vu on this. The other day, working out in San Francisco, I remembered having done exactly the same thing once before. Oh, I just can't wait to get into a uniform."

Next stop on the tour was Philadelphia. Ron Jaworski threw bullets, and Nehemiah had the impression that the quarterback was deliberately trying to drill holes in his chest. But Nehemiah caught just about everything with his hands, the way a good receiver is supposed to. After the workout, the Eagles had him take something called a Cybex test, which measures leg strength. With Director of Player Personnel Carl Peterson looking on, an Eagles trainer concluded that the greatest sprint hurdler in the world possesses "good wheels."

"Oh, really?" Nehemiah said.

On to Foxboro and the New England Patriots. Nehemiah was dressing in the locker room when Shelby Jordan, a 6' 7", 260-pound lineman, sauntered up to him. "Hey Nehemiah," he said. "I'm a defensive back."

"If you're a defensive back," said Nehemiah, "I guess I'll stay a hurdler."

On the field, the Patriots coaches put Nehemiah through a series of "flexibility tests." "You want to find out if a hurdler is flexible?" said Nehemiah. "We have to fill out these forms," said a Pats assistant.

In Washington Nehemiah met Quarterback Joe Theismann for the first time. Theismann didn't say "hello." He said, "Skeets, if I was in Superstars I'd have kicked your ass." But by the end of their workout, Theismann had fallen in love. "I threw him 50 passes and at the end he comes up to me and says, 'Joe, I dropped two I know I shouldn't have,'" Theismann said. "Lord, I think he's going to be the '80s Bob Hayes, or better. Everybody wonders if he can take a hit. Well, plenty of guys who played college football couldn't take a hit in the NFL. Nobody wants to take a hit. I don't. With his speed, he's going to run away from most hits anyway. I know this: He can run and he can catch. I want him on our team."

San Diego made Nehemiah take a physical, and the physician allowed as how he was "in good shape." "Great," said Nehemiah, snickering to Stanko. "I got 'good wheels' and I'm in 'good



Last year in Zurich, Nehemiah ran a world-record 12.93 and beat archival Foster (left).

shape." We're dealing with all types of people here. We just have to swallow our intelligence and do what makes them happy."

Oakland's chief of personnel and operations, Ron Wolf, watched him run in the rain and asked, "Can he take a hit?" In another meeting with San Francisco, Stanko told Walsh that Nehemiah expected to be treated like a No. 1 draft choice. "That's ridiculous," Walsh said, "he hasn't been hit."

"Then let's just wait until somebody gives us the numbers we want," Stanko shot back. "Then we'll see what you have to say."

A trip back to Washington provided the first breakthrough. It came at the bi-

rocial Virginia estate of Owner Jack Kent Cooke. General Manager Bobby Beathard was there, along with Coach Joe Gibbs and Cooke's son, John. After all the introductions had been made, Cooke shoed most of the others into the library and cornered Nehemiah in the living room.

"Tell me, Renaldo," said Cooke. "What are you going to do when a 260-pound lineman falls on you?"

"Well," said Nehemiah, "a 260-pound lineman shouldn't be in the secondary in the first place. But if he is, and if he does fall on me, and if I'm able to open my eyes, I'll just get up and walk back to the huddle."

"I like you," said Cooke.

continued



"Superstars" champion Nehemiah opened NFL eyes when he pressed 265 pounds.

Six hours later, Nehemiah and the Redskins seemed to have a deal. The Redskins agreed to everything: the salary, the bonuses, the guarantee. Only one thing kept Nehemiah from signing—food. There was none. "One of the richest men in America, and in six hours he offers nothing but pistachio nuts in a saucepan," said Nehemiah. Anyway, he and Stanko still had dates with Pittsburgh, Detroit and the Giants in their hotel room that evening. Stanko and Nehemiah each wrote on halves of a matchbook cover the name of the team they expected to sign with. Stanko wrote "Red." And Nehemiah wrote "Skans."

The next morning, a bright and beautiful one, they flew to Pittsburgh and went directly to Three Rivers Stadium. Nehemiah took an unusually long time to stretch himself out, while Assistant Coach Tom Moore, Vice-President Art Rooney Jr. and Quarterback Cliff Stoudt waited. When Nehemiah said he was ready, Moore told him he would be put through all the evaluation tests the Steelers administer to prospective draftees. For the computer, Nehemiah groaned. "These tests are a joke," he said, out of the Steelers' earshot. "It's like they don't even know who I am. They see what I've done in *The Superstars* and they don't believe it. They think a 4.1 40-yard dash is fast, but I could run 4.5 over hurdles. In the 110s, I run every 10 yards in point-eight something. Come on. Put it together."

But Nehemiah dutifully ran the tests, and before each, made it a point to ask what was the Steeler record. He broke just about all of them—10 yards, 20 yards. He ran the 40 in 4.36. "Just taking it easy," he said. He broke the Steeler standing long jump record with a leap of 10'36". He hit a personal best of 39 inches in the standing vertical jump, five inches over the team record. In the 60-yard change-of-direction—15 yards right, 30 yards left, then 15 yards back to the starting line—he positively blew them away with an 11.16.

"I've never seen anything like that

done before, have you?" Moore asked Rooney.

"What did they expect?" said Nehemiah to no one in particular.

Rooney sidled over to Stanko and said, "Er... does he have any, um, bad habits?"

Meanwhile, Nehemiah was catching



Nehemiah made a hit with 49er Coach Walsh (left) even without taking a hit.

whatever Stoudt threw. "Well, he's a football player, all right," said Moore.

"Yeah, well they're all fast," said Stoudt. "I tried to convince them to bring Jack Lambert out here this morning. Let him stare at the guy awhile. Then see if he can catch."

Stanko went into the office to talk with Rooney and got another version of "The Speech." Pittsburgh is set with wide receivers—Lynn Swann, John Stallworth, Jim Smith, Calvin Sweeney and Ricky Martin—but Nehemiah might be able to return punts and...

"No thanks," said Stanko.

That evening in Pittsburgh, Stanko worked the telephone while Nehemiah ate ice cream sundaes and drank Amaretto and Seven-Up. With the Redskins' offer on the table, Nehemiah was anxious to get the ordeal over with, so the Giants, who had been dragging their feet, were out of luck. Nehemiah could no longer be bothered. The same went for Kansas City, which made an 11th-hour inquiry: Detroit bowed out of the bidding. Suddenly, however, Oakland was coming in with a two-year guarantee, Dallas might be able to work something out, a New England official said he'd do "anything it takes" to sign Nehemiah,

and Philadelphia's Peterson wanted another shot, although there was still that question of whether or not Nehemiah could take a hit. Finally, it was Stanko who heard that question once too often.

"Look," he told Peterson, "if that's all that's holding you back, get in your three biggest linemen, your three best defensive backs, then suit up Skeets and tackle him."

"What if he gets hurt?" said Peterson meekly.

Within two days, the 49ers had beaten the Redskins' basic offer by a quarter of a million dollars and had thrown in an extra year: Four years—the first year guaranteed—beginning at \$125,000, and escalating to almost \$200,000; a \$100,000-plus signing bonus spread over the life of the contract; plus incentives that could total a half-million or so more. The Redskins

were given one more chance, but failed to land Nehemiah. Last Thursday, Nehemiah flew to San Francisco and signed.

Walsh admitted that he still had a few concerns, but none had anything to do with whether or not Nehemiah could take a hit. First, there was the question of Nehemiah's ego, the transition from being his own man, the best high hurdler in the world, to being a member of a team, and just another wide receiver. "We certainly have to account for that," Walsh said. "Rinaldo is definitely very unique to our sport. I do swallow a little hard being involved in his removal from track, but let's face it, track has become a professional sport. I only hope people appreciate what he has done and wish him success in his new career."

For his part, Nehemiah wasted no time putting on his 49er uniform—helmet, pads and all—and admiring his new look in the mirror. He will have 22 special 49er workouts before the full team reports for training camp. "Now I'm almost there," he said. "I can see myself catching that pass everyone is concerned about—over the middle—and bang, getting hit hard. Flattened. Then I get up, trot back to the huddle, and say, 'See? I did it. I passed this test.'"

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It's Sims, Or So It Seems

Top pick in next week's NFL draft should be Kenneth Sims of Texas

by JACK McCALLUM

On Good Friday, a cool and cloudy day in Austin, Kenneth Sims ran two 40-yard dashes on the University of Texas baseball field. With him was Dick Steinberg, director of player personnel for the New England Patriots, who held a stopwatch and his breath, not necessarily in that order. Meanwhile, inside the Texas locker room, representatives from several other NFL teams cooled their heels, would-be suitors all. In the NFL, good things come to those who go 2-14, as the Patriots did in 1981.

Because NFL teams protect 40-yard-dash times with the zeal of the CIA, Sims's were not made public. But they were both in the neighborhood of 5.0 (one reportedly a 4.9), only a little slower than his best (4.8) clocking, even though at 279 he was about 15 pounds over his playing weight. Good enough, in short, to assure that "Kenneth Sims, Defensive Tackle, University of Texas" will be the pick of the Pass, who have the first choice in next Tuesday's NFL draft.

Whether Sims had recovered from the injury he suffered in Texas' ninth game



last year—a fracture of the right fibula and ligament damage to the right ankle—was the only question mark about his supremacy in a rather thin draft. Over the past few months Sims has been probed, pinched and poked more times than an astronaut, and he's passed the physicals given by the NFL scouting combines.

"If we were playing on Sunday you could put him on the field," says Steinberg. "He's physically ahead of where we expected him to be."

Sims's physical condition prompted more than the usual interest from NFL teams that tailed him even when it became all but certain that he was going to New England. There was always the chance that the Patriots would somehow blow the pick. The Pats have already rejected a cash offer from Washington to trade drafting places, an offer the Redskins reportedly made to Baltimore back when it appeared the Colts would be picking first. The Colts lost their chance at Sims when they beat the Patriots in last year's season-ending Super Bowl. Steinberg said the Redskins offer was the only one they've gotten for Sims, but New England was never interested in making a deal. The Patriots need muscle for the defensive line and spirit for the locker room. The 6' 5" Sims can supply both in immense quantities.

He is already a better player than anyone on New England's Red Sea (you know, it parted) defensive front. He probably was during the five weeks he spent on crutches, too. Sugar Bear Hamilton, always too small and now slowed by injuries, may be finished at nose tackle. Richard Bishop can play that spot, but at 32 he's a year older than Hamilton. Tony McGee, a solid pass-rusher, is ill equipped to play four downs

as he did last year. The most consistent Patriot defensive lineman is still Julius Adams, and he turns 34 the day before the draft. From Day 1 of training camp, Sims should be a starting defensive end. And the precedent of Texas defensive linemen failing in the pros—Scott Appleton, Steve McMichael, Brad Shearer, Bill Ackler, to name four—is being discounted. Sims is better, a lot better.

"He's a pillar of strength on the run and he has that initial quickness and lateral movement you need for pass rushing," says Mike Hickey, director of player personnel for the Jets. "I don't know, but I think a player of this magnitude doesn't come out that often."

Green Bay's chief scout, Dick Corrick, puts it more bluntly: "It's a one-man draft."



Sims was once a weakling in the weight room but can now do a 260-pound behind-the-neck press.

In short, he's everybody's No. 1. "He's not going to be around by the time we get to pick, but he's the top-rated player on our board," says Tony Razzano, chief scout for the Super Bowl champion 49ers, who pick 28th.

"He's one of the most talented defensive linemen since I've been scouting," says Bobby Beathard, general manager of the Redskins. "He has the highest grade of any player this year, a grade similar to that of an O.J. Simpson."

The sign is on the right side as you drive west on Route 7 into the hometown of the one-man draft. KOSSE, POP: 444. "Hm, they jumped it up a little," says Sims. "Used to be 471." Sims's story is a familiar one. The town is small, the family poor, the siblings many, the mother strong, the father gone. Sims makes a left onto Narcissus, unpaved until a few years ago. The street sign is relatively new, too. "I never knew what my address was when I was growing up," says Sims.

continued

Meyer thinks Sims will give him a leg up on rebuilding the Patriots' defensive line.

William Grover Hurst left his wife and her eight children and went to Detroit when their son, Kenneth, was five years old. Kenneth changed his name to Sims, which was the maiden name his mother had started using again, when he was in the ninth grade. His relationship with his father is distant if amiable, but he feels a deep debt to Doris Sims. "I'm glad that my mom raised me," he says. "I would've been a totally different person, because mothers go about things differently than fathers. She didn't spare the rod, I can tell you that. Without her, I might've been a jerk."

Sims isn't a jerk. Instead, he's the most seductive of species, the urbane country boy, the natural. You have to love a guy who, when asked in airports if he's an athlete, responds with, "No, I'm Ben Crenshaw's caddie." Put him on a talk show and he'll tell you about the time an old man in Kosse gave him an authentic pig bladder, dried and blown up, and he and his brothers kicked it around. Let him discourse on the proper method of castrating a pig ("You've got to get him up the seam") or skinning a coon ("You can rip it off just like a T shirt"). You can't take Kosse out of the boy... particularly if he doesn't want it taken. Even in Boston, where fans have been known to be cold to black athletes, Sims should be popular, because he's smooth enough to stay with the city slickers (speech coaches were his favorite at Texas) and smart enough, too—his cumulative average was about 2.7, though postseason trips cut into his classroom time and he's still 28 hours short of graduation.

In short, he's intelligent and articulate, not to mention cheerful, accommodating, friendly and interesting, qualities that are often worn away in the pros. But pray for him in Foxboro, Miss. where discontent is a way of life.

Doris Sims will be praying for him. After attending Easter sunrise service by herself at the Mount Zion Baptist Church in Kosse, she proudly returned to the 11 a.m. service with Kenneth and several of his brothers and sisters who came home for the holiday. She had been up early the day before, too, preparing turkey, stuffing and assorted trimmings, yeast rolls, two cakes



Sims wasn't one for hanging around Kosse. In the opinion of No. 77, Doris is No. 1.



and five—count 'em, five—pies for Easter dinner. "We call her Wonder Woman," said brother Randy, 24, a Houston accountant.

Kenneth Sims was no Wonder Man for most of his youth. Like his brothers and sisters, he spent much of his time out of school working; at 12, he started paying for all of his own clothes. He likes baseball but Little League was a \$1.20 Trailways ride to Groesbeck, 16 miles away, and he couldn't always come up with the fare. School at Groesbeck was a 32-mile round trip, but Sims claims to have missed only four days in 13 years. "That's because when you stayed home from school in Kosse it was like being in jail," he says. "There was nothing to do."

Sims quit football his junior year at Groesbeck High because he was tired of practicing with a shoulder injury. When he tried to come back later the coach told him to forget it.

But his arrival as an athlete was inevitable. "Kenneth did his work but he liked to play games more than any of my other boys," says Mrs. Sims. "Looks here. I still got his baseball bat behind the refrigerator. The day he left for college he told me to keep it for him." Kenneth, two brothers and a neighbor used to play two-on-two everything. "You better know you'd become an athlete when you play two-on-two baseball," says Sims. "You ever try to pitch and play the outfield at the same time?"

Basketball consumed much of his time. He and his brothers built a full-court basketball area behind their house, smoothing the land and chopping down trees in some nearby woods for the standards. Kenneth started at center and was the leading rebounder for two years for the Groesbeck High basketball team. Three years ago, he and some football teammates, calling themselves the Jocks, won Texas' intramural basketball championship. Before Sims was injured last November, he had thought seriously about playing basketball for Texas this past season and he remains a close friend of ex-Longhorn Coach Abe Lemons. Lemons, in fact, used to call Sims his "bodyguard" because Sims often accompanied the team on road trips. Lemons

continues

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would have welcomed a tryout by Sims; he kids him about not wanting to jeopardize his lucrative future in football on a basketball court. "The money came between us," he jokes.

One of the Kosse locals told Doris

one of the top defensive players in the state his senior year. By then his strength, quickness and agility were as obvious as his size, which was then about 6' 5", 245 pounds. "He was one of them 20-footers," says Texas Coach Fred Akers. "All

tide started to turn when Texas' defensive tackle coach, Mike Parker, paid a visit to Kosse and found a friend and ally in Doris. But for Sims himself, it wasn't Parker, it wasn't Akers, it wasn't Hook'em-Horns, it wasn't the chance to go to

Hey, Dr. Z, What Do You Foresee?

Once again Paul Zimmerman gazes into his crystal ball and tells us who will be picked in the first round of the NFL draft. This year a lot of the sparring concerns the L.A. Rams' quarterback situation.

- | | |
|--|-------------------------------------|
| 1. NEW ENGLAND | Kenneth Sims, DT, Texas |
| 2. BALTIMORE | Johnnie Cooks, LB, Miss. State |
| 3. NEW ORLEANS | No pick |
| 4. CLEVELAND | Gerald Riggs, FB, Arizona State |
| 5. BALTIMORE
(PROJECTED
TRADE WITH L.A.) | Art Schlichter, QB, Ohio State |
| 6. CHICAGO | Jim McMahon, QB, Brigham Young |
| 7. SEATTLE | Mike Munchak, G, Penn State |
| 8. MINNESOTA | Darrin Nelson, HB, Stanford |
| 9. HOUSTON | Marcus Allen, HB, USC |
| 10. ATLANTA | Chip Banks, LB, USC |
| 11. OAKLAND | Walter Abercrombie, HB, Baylor |
| 12. ST. LOUIS | Sean Farrell, G, Penn State |
| 13. PITTSBURGH | Luis Sharpe, T, UCLA |
| 14. NEW ORLEANS
(FROM GREEN BAY
THROUGH SAN DIEGO) | Anthony Hancock, WR, Tennessee |
| 15. LOS ANGELES
(FROM WASHINGTON) | Glen Collins, DE, Miss. State |
| 16. DETROIT | James Burroughs, CB, Mich. State |
| 17. KANSAS CITY | Barry Redden, RB, Richmond |
| 18. TAMPA BAY | Roy Foster, G, USC |
| 19. N.Y. GIANTS | Butch Woolfolk, HB, Michigan |
| 20. DENVER | Gerald Williams, HB, San Jose State |
| 21. PHILADELPHIA | Perry Tuttle, WR, Clemson |
| 22. BUFFALO | Jimmy Williams, LB, Nebraska |
| 23. GREEN BAY
(FROM SAN DIEGO) | Bubba Paris, T, Michigan |
| 24. N.Y. JETS | Bob Crable, LB, Notre Dame |
| 25. MIAMI | Robert Weathers, HB, Arizona State |
| 26. DALLAS | Orlando McDaniel, WR, LSU |
| 27. CINCINNATI | Lester Williams, DT, Miami |
| 28. SAN FRANCISCO | John Meyer, T, Arizona State |

The only question was his right leg, and it tested O.K. A two-way shot. Can play in the middle or outside. Used in supplemental draft for QB Dave Wilson, Illinois. Defense is the No. 1 need but this chip is too blue to pass up. To replace Bert Jones, who goes to L.A. Colts also get Rams' No. 2 this year or No. 1 next. Bypassed Jim McMahon; bad left knee and shoulder, difficult agent (Jerry Argovitz). Unless the Bears trade the pick to L.A. for Vince Ferragamo. They'd like defense but Jim Zorn needs another bodyguard. His 4.45 speed will be dynamite on new artificial turf field. Still could switch to HB Walter Abercrombie. Pass rush crumbled when LB Joel Williams hurt last year. Surprised he was available. Figured on a wide receiver. It went down to the wire between Farrell and T. Latis Sharpe. If St. Louis takes him, Steelers will go for Farrell. Conceded him to Oakland and were ready to go for defensive line help, but switched gears when he became available. If he's gone, will take DE Glen Collins. Rams could go any of three ways but Ray Malavasi's first love is defense. WR Perry Tuttle is a possibility. Strictly a need pick. Weak secondary requires shoring up. Marv Levy coached vs. him in Senior Bowl, his biggest day. Might like a tackle but his numbers too good to pass up. Speed, strength and relief for workhorse Rob Carpenter. Small and swift. Dan Reeves wants speed in his offense. One of the fastest players on the board. Eagles need offense. He and Tom Cousineau to provide great LB strength. Offensive line the priority. Linebackers and defensive backs in later rounds. Pass-catch game could be sensational. Would like a WR, but this is Walt Michaels' type of LB. A computer guy, size and speed. Need the keynote runner. Speed edge over Georgia WR Lindsay Scott. Bengals ended the '81 season this in the defensive line. Tried to trade up for Darrin Nelson, but need help here, too.

Sims a long time ago that her son was destined for greatness. "I didn't pay him no mind," she says, "because he was a drinking man. But I guess he was right, wasn't he?" He was. The biggest and best of the Groesbeck Goats—the Sims brothers exaggerated some and told people they played for the Rams—became

you had to see was 20 feet of film and you wanted him."

Texas didn't get him easily. College Station, home of Texas A&M, is only 47 miles from Kosse (Austin is about 120 miles away) and the Aggies recruited Sims more actively than Texas, whose scouts never saw him play in person. The

four Cotton Bowls. It was three brothers named Campbell—Earl and the twins, Tim (a defensive end) and Steve (a linebacker-running back)—he met on his recruiting visit. "They were country boys just like me," says Sims. "We were in our comfort zone together."

Sims was no instant star. For one

continued



A pro puts his future
on the line when he picks a racket.
The racket top USTA pros pick
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Wilson.

thing, he was, according to Akers, "just pitiful" in the weight room. He bench-pressed only about 235 pounds, which is what Texas expects from incoming quarterbacks. Under Akers' learn-now-play-later defensive system, Sims sat most of his first two years behind McMichael and Akers. In his sophomore year he injured a hamstring, and some of his teammates, Sims claims, told the trainer he wasn't

redneck, hard-drinking, mean stuff. I think it's a lot of bull. I'm not like that and I don't have to be like that to be a good football player."

He became a very good football player his junior year, when he made 131 tackles (100 unassisted) and was selected by his teammates as Most Valuable Player, and a great player his senior year, when he really earned his nickname, "Special

K." He says there was no change in his off-the-field demeanor—"I haven't had a fight since eighth grade"—but he did become more highly motivated in the weight room (where he's now a legend with a 260-pound behind-the-neck press; he has bench-pressed 400 pounds, considered excellent for a 6'5" man with long arms) and on the field. It also helped, of course, that Kenneth Sims and not Steve McMichael was the main man. "I guess it was a matter of realizing I had to get more consistency," Sims says. "Jeff Smith [a scout from the Seahawks] helped. He talked to me in the summer before my senior year and told me that sometimes I ran the whole show and at other times it looked like I was just going through the motions. I thought a lot about that. I took a new attitude into my senior year."

And teams took a new attitude toward Sims. Before his injury he had nine sacks and a team-high 110 tackles, 81 unassisted, even though he was often double-teamed and most teams ran away from him. One Southwest Conference coach said this about him: "He's a dominant, dominant player, particularly when he wants to be. I don't know

the effect one individual can have on a game, but you'd have to go back to Earl Campbell for a comparison." The comment came from then SMU Coach Ron Meyer, now the rookie coach of the Patriots. Said Meyer last week, "We look for Sims to do for us what Lawrence Taylor did for the Giants last year."

In the first quarter of the TCU game

last Nov. 14 Sims was engaged with the opposing tackle when the Frogs' center hit him low with a chop block, thereby injuring his leg and ankle. Most Longhorns, Akers included, felt it was a cheap shot, but Sims says he can't even remember the name of the man who blocked him. "Several people offered to go down and shoot him, though," he adds.

The doctor's first words were ominous: "I'll never forget them," says Sims. "Exploration and internal fixation." That sounded like he wanted to cut. But two days later surgery was ruled out. Sims spent about five weeks on crutches, then slowly began lifting, jogging and running strides. His 40-yard dashes on Good Friday were his first speed work since the injury, and the stiffness in his legs the next day had him mildly worried. "But," he says, "even with my weight being up and not being 100 percent—I'm probably at about 90 to 95—I still feel I'm ahead of what the other big linemen are doing."

What is Kenneth Sims worth? Asked that very question, Sims mentions New Orleans Running Back George Rogers, last year's No. 1 pick. Rogers' contract reportedly called for \$125,000 last year, \$175,000 this year and \$225,000 next year, along with a \$1 million signing bonus with deferred payments through 1990. New England management is close-mouthed about Sims' worth, but the penurious Pats aren't in the habit of paying boxcar figures to anyone.

Sims's agent is Writ Stewart of Austin, who primarily works with singers Carole King, Jerry Jeff Walker, Christopher Cross and Joe Ely. Stewart has only two other sports clients, but they are Earl Campbell and Tony Dorsett, so he knows pro football's top salary level. Stewart refuses to say what he will demand for Sims, but he does say the word "deferred" isn't in his dictionary.

"The Patriots'll have to give Sims a contract the size of Rogers'," said an NFL executive last week. "It's come down to the No. 1 pick getting that kind of money whether he's a defensive player or a quarterback."

Doris Sims wants her son in Dallas or Houston for obvious reasons of proximity, but she also worries about the Patriots' cheapie reputation. "Do you think they're going to pay him what he's worth?" she asks.

Doris, they'll have to.

END



Before getting injured, Sims led Texas in tackles.

really injured. "It was my lowest moment at Texas," he says. Further, there was a general feeling that Sims wasn't quite putting out. "It just has to do with the way I am off the field," he says. "People think a nice guy can't play this game. I used to hear people say, 'Oh, if he was only mean.' But I was always a rough guy on the field. As far as that old macho,



*The more you care about color,
the more you need Kodacolor II film.*



America's Storyteller

Two-time world driving champion Niki Lauda is back in the winner's circle after a 26-month retirement

by ANITA VERSCHOTH

Last Sept. 16, Niki Lauda and his wife, Marlene, boarded an early-morning flight from Vienna to London. "What are we going to do there?" Marlene asked. "Good place to go shopping," Niki answered. When they arrived in London, Niki deposited Marlene in front of Harrods and said, "You go shopping. I'm going to Donington."

She nodded resignedly. "It began to dawn upon me," she says. Marlene knew that Donington in Derbyshire is where McLaren International does much of the testing for its Formula 1 race cars.

It had been more than two years since the 33-year-old Lauda had retired from racing, after a practice lap for the 1979

Canadian Grand Prix. "I'm through," he had said then to his stunned Brabham teammates. "I don't want to drive around in circles anymore." That year Lauda had accumulated only four world championship points, a disheartening comedown from 1975, when he first won the world driving championship, and from 1977, when he came back after a fiery crash in the previous year's German GP to win a second title.

He hadn't been expected to live after that crash at the dangerous and rain-slicked Nürburgring circuit in the Eifel Mountains, but he had willed himself to stay alive—with redoubled determination after hearing a priest say the last rites. "I clung on to the voices I heard," he says. "I would not let myself become unconscious." Incredibly, only six weeks later he drove to a fourth-place finish in the Italian Grand Prix at Monza and could well have won the 1976 world championship had he not pulled to a stop after one lap of the final race of the season, in Japan, giving the title to McLaren driver James Hunt. That race had been started in a downpour.

"Maybe in Niki's place I would have done the same thing," says Hunt. "I was

in front and was the only guy who could see in that rain." Soon after Lauda left the pits at Fuji International Speedway the rain stopped, and his decision was consequently remembered as a sign of fear rather than common sense. "Some things are more important than the world championship—like my life, for instance," Lauda says. "Was I a coward? Nonsense. I used my head."

After his retirement, Lauda formed Lauda Air, a charter service flying within Austria, with a fleet of four planes—two 44-passenger Fokker F27 turboprops and two 10-passenger Mystère turboprops—which Lauda often piloted himself. He also had on order a 255-passenger DC-10 turboprop, which would have given Lauda Air destinations like London and Athens. The deposit had been made and the DC-10 had even been painted in the red and white of Lauda Air, but at delivery time Lauda couldn't come up with the financial backing. "Interest rates had gone up," he says, "but people wanted to pay less for air fares. We're not about to close down, but we can't expand at this time. We've been in the red for two years."

Life as the owner of a small business instead of as a major motor-sport star

Niki Still Has The Knack



caused other problems. In Lauda's 10 years as a race driver, the province of Salzburg, where he was born and still resides, had never found any fault with his income-tax payments. But in December 1980 the Austrian Ministry of Finance sent an investigator whose report led to the decision that Lauda owed more than half a million dollars in back taxes. The army, too, came knocking on Lauda's door—men are eligible for conscription in the Austrian army until age 35. Last March, when Lauda showed up for his draft physical, he found reporters and a TV crew awaiting him as well as the army doctors. Someone at the recruiting station had invited the media to cover the event because it would be "good publicity for the army."

continued

Self-proclaimed stolo Lauda was wreathed in smiles after his decisive Long Beach win.

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You can trust your car to the products with the Star.





Lauda's comeback win came after Barnard made adjustments to the carbon fiber MP4.

NIKI LAUDA *continues*

"The next day I was front-page news," says Lauda. "I read that I had a number of broken bones that had not healed properly and that I was generally a wreck." The news stories caused immediate repercussions at the Austrian aviation board. Lauda had to submit to another series of physical examinations to prove that he was sound enough to fly a commercial airplane. "I'm the only Austrian pilot who needs a five-page certification that he's healthy," he says.

As Lauda began to discover what it's like to be a mere mortal rather than a reigning national hero, Ron Dennis, a director of McLaren International, approached Lauda with an offer designed to lure him back into Formula 1 racing, the bait being a multimillion-dollar contract. Lauda had received attractive offers from other teams during his retire-

ment and had passed them up; what intrigued him this time was the unique McLaren MP4 race car.

When Dennis joined McLaren in August 1980, he brought with him John Barnard, an Englishman who designed the Chaparral that Johnny Rutherford drove to victory in the 1980 Indy 500. Now Barnard was working on a race car with a carbon fiber chassis. In the past, carbon fiber—somewhat similar to the material in so-called graphite fishing rods and tennis rackets—had been considered too risky to use in a race car because of its tendency to shatter unpredictably. But during the time Barnard had spent in the U.S. working on the Chaparral, he'd heard that the Hercules Corporation in Salt Lake City was providing carbon fiber parts for the space shuttle. Researchers at Hercules had discovered that as long as the strands of carbon fiber were stressed at a particular angle, it was a

safe, strong and stable material. Hercules is now in a commercial partnership with McLaren and builds the MP4's carbon fiber chassis, which is lighter than its aluminum counterpart but three times as stiff. Moreover, the material provides a driver capsule of immense strength. This fact was dramatically proved last year in the Italian Grand Prix at the Monza circuit when John Watson crashed his carbon fiber McLaren; his Cosworth Ford engine was completely torn off the rear of the MP4, but the chassis, and Watson, were unharmed.

While Lauda was impressed with the potential of the McLaren, he would also have to discover if he could adjust to the new demands of Grand Prix driving. Since his retirement Formula 1 racing had changed drastically as the result of the proliferation of ground-effects cars. All Formula 1 cars now were designed with tapering Venturi tubes on their underbodies, which accelerated the air passing beneath the cars so as to form a partial vacuum and literally suck the vehicles to the surface of a racetrack. Cornering speeds had greatly increased in Lauda's absence, and so had the physical demands on the drivers. Suspensions had to be made much stiffer, to prevent the car from leaning too much, thus breaking the partial vacuum and sending the car into a vicious snap roll.

In his tryout at Donington, Lauda felt every ripple of the track and found himself keeping a death grip on the tiny steering wheel as his body was subjected to 3 Gs in the high-speed corners. Teddy Mayer, the longtime chairman-director of McLaren, watched with mixed feelings as Lauda bounced all over the track. "He looked awful," Mayer recalls. "He could only do two or three laps without stopping for breath. But he was reasonably quick and obviously enjoying it. Physical fitness is more important for race drivers than most of them believe. Niki realized this and went about getting fit in a very professional way. The second time he came to drive, in November, he was quite a bit better."

Lauda signed with McLaren International on Nov. 12. It is rumored that he stands to make as much as \$3 million for driving in the scheduled 15 Grand Prix races this year. Whatever the precise amount is, it's granted that Lauda is the highest-paid driver in Formula 1 racing, which makes him one of the highest-paid athletes in the world. Marlboro, the

While 11 others crashed, Lauda wheeled around Long Beach at speeds up to 182 mph.



prime sponsor of the McLaren team, increased its auto racing budget to accommodate Lauda's contract—which could be dissolved after four races if things didn't work out—and in return got most of the advertising space on Lauda's coveralls. Lauda also started smoking a couple of Marlboros a day instead of the thin, black cigarillos he had favored.

Marlboro's interest is easy to explain. Since Lauda and then the ebullient Hunt, who drove for McLaren in his championship year, both retired in 1979, Grand Prix racing has been lacking a charismatic personality. Hunt has also received lucrative offers to get back behind the wheel, but he won't consider it. "I wasn't enjoying having to live my life like a zoo animal," he says.

Why then would Lauda, the father of two small sons, who self-consciously wears a Parmalat (the Italian dairy that's his other sponsor) baseball-style cap to cover the worst of the vivid scars remaining from his 1976 crash, want to return to this goldfish life-style in a sport that had almost killed him?

Lauda dismisses money as the principal motivation. He comes from a well-to-do family and has kept his airline pretty much isolated from his personal finances. "It's obvious that you earn money doing this," Lauda said just before the start of the 1982 Formula 1 season, "but that can't be your only motivation or you'd be putting too much pressure on yourself. I had two years in the airline business, and I think I know everything about that. Now I am curious whether it's possible for me to get back into a car after two years and drive with the rest of them."

"This is a dangerous sport, but we are not pawns of fate; we can argue with fate. I see life as a road where we can travel forward and backward or drive a zigzag course. What's important is that we don't lose sight of the direction where we want to go."

Besides, Lauda didn't have anywhere to go but racing. Except for his love of flying, there never has been anything else in his life which sustained his interest or in which he could do so well. In 1962, when he was 14 and struggling through high school, he bought an old Volkswagen, took it apart, refurbished it and began to race it around the parking lot of his family's paper mill outside Vienna. Even though his father and grandfather were dead set against his taking up a racing career and never supported him financially,

he made his way through the ranks from the hill climbs at age 18 to formulas III, II and I. "When I was 19, I left the family," he says. "I have always gone my own way; I was never dependent on them." Lauda's grandfather and father are no longer alive, but his mother is. "We do not talk about my racing," says Lauda.

Once committed to a comeback Lauda began getting racing-fit again. With Willi Dungi, an Austrian physical therapist who had helped in his remarkable recovery from the Nürburgring crash, Lauda began a three-month conditioning regime that continued right up to the first Grand Prix of '82, in South Africa in late January. Lauda and Dungi ran every day and went cross-country skiing and bike riding. They did Alpine skiing "to stimulate the aggressive juices." They lifted weights, did calisthenics. Lauda lost 17 pounds, down to 140 on a 5'9" frame. Dungi put Lauda on a special diet, which consists mainly of a very dry, brittle bread that Dungi bakes himself, hard-fried eggs, salads and fish.

In that first race of the 1982 season, on the Kyalami circuit outside Johannesburg, Lauda finished fourth. "He certainly kicked off well," says Hunt, who now works as a BBC television sports commentator. "He seemed to throw himself into it with boyish enthusiasm, thoroughly enjoying himself."

"I was suspicious that he might not come back with the right commitment," says Barnard. "But he's putting every-

thing he's got into it. Before he joined us, I had this vision that he would act the big star and expect to have everything done for him and the way he wanted it. Instead he's turned out to be very low-keyed... provided that I can give him a logical argument, he will try almost any change I want to make."

Driving one of today's ground-effects cars can be likened to riding in a super-fast roller-coaster car and having to steer it at the same time—with 20 more drivers on the same track trying to do the same thing. The heart rate of Formula 1 drivers has been found to fluctuate between 180 and 207 over the span of a two-hour race. And all the while, the driver is being mercilessly pummeled, bounced around the cramped interior of his car. In fast corners he finds it nearly impossible to hold his head up. "Every time you get to the next race, you have to get used to it again," says 30-year-old Gilles Villeneuve, who drives for Ferrari.

For the Brazilian Grand Prix in Rio de Janeiro on March 21, Lauda arrived with a special cervical collar made of foam rubber that would help him hold his head upright. On the 22nd lap of that race, his McLaren and a Williams driven by Carlos Reutemann collided when Reutemann tried to pass Lauda on the inside of a turn. Lauda had to retire his damaged car. A few days later Reutemann announced that he was retiring his damaged body because he was unwilling to continue taking the beating Formula 1

continued



Lauda sometimes breaks his training regime, as here on a night out with wife Mariene.

cars dish out. Lauda doesn't care to dwell on the buffeting. "You make the decision whether you want to drive or not," he says. "If you decide to drive, then you prepare your body and you put up with the discomfort."

Lauda's teammate, Watson, is a gracious Irishman who is 35 years old and last year, as McLaren's No. 1 man, had won the British GP, the first victory for the team since 1977. Now that Lauda is around, Watson is content to let him

more relaxed this time around. Just before the first practice session for the Grand Prix at Long Beach in California a fortnight ago, he chatted with Mayer—a discussion of "feminine pukehrude," according to Mayer—laughing as if he didn't have anything better to do that day. After practice, though, Lauda jumped out of his car and buttonholed a man from Michelin. Motioning to one of his rear tires, Lauda yelled, "This tire is a complete joke. You know what a joke

apple. "The important thing is that I start in the front row."

An Austrian journalist asked, "How do you feel about tomorrow?"

"Good," said Lauda.

"I ask him that every time," the journalist said later. "Usually he answers, 'I don't feel.'"

The next day, Lauda got off in third place, trailing de Cesaris and René Arnoux of France, who was sitting behind de Cesaris and whose turbocharged Renault has a great deal more horsepower than Lauda's Cosworth Ford V-8. But on Lap 5, Arnoux missed a shift and Lauda swept past him and began to stalk de Cesaris. On Lap 15, Lauda shot by on the inside. He held on to first—and his concentration—for the rest of the race. At one point, driving through what must seem an endless, featureless tunnel that is formed by the temporary four-foot-high concrete barriers that delineate the race-course, Lauda built his lead to 50.1 seconds and had lapped all but four other drivers. Eventually he slowed to conserve his tires, and as he crossed the finish line to complete the 18th Grand Prix win of his career, his lead over second-place Keke Rosberg—de Cesaris and 10 other drivers had crashed—was 14.6 seconds.

"I slowed down because a win is a win," said Lauda. "The only thing that counts is getting to the finish line first." And that Niki Lauda had done in only the third race of his comeback.

If fitness is a factor, that victory won't be his last. His program is almost insurance that he will survive the grueling season, which will not end until the last week in September with the Caesars Palace Grand Prix in Las Vegas. But once in a while he takes a break. He may upset Duggl by lighting a cigarette in front of him or, worse yet, toasting him with a drink. One night last month in South America, Lauda got a couple of friends together and went in search of a nightclub, only to find that all the clubs were closed. Finally, after Lauda explained who he was, one club owner agreed to open up. Lauda spent the evening sitting at the bar of the near-empty club, sipping rum and Coke, listening to Rod Stewart records and looking absolutely pleased with himself. A door that wouldn't have opened even for the owner of an airline had been unlocked for a Grand Prix driver. It recalled the old times, the good times, and now Lauda was ready to prove they could be relived.

END



Lauda's charter airline is in the red, but its boss (second from left) is in the pink.

have center stage. Lauda, on the other hand, seems incapable of showing that kind of graciousness. During qualifying at Rio, Watson was consistently one second slower per lap than his teammate. Lauda was hoping for a lap free of traffic, to set a qualifying time that would put him among the leaders. He almost had one. As he later told John Hogan, a marketing director for Marlboro, "I was on a fantastic lap, but then who do you think got in my way? Watson! I felt like running him off the track."

In Phase I of his racing career, Lauda had said that the only driver he ever really respected was Hunt because Hunt was an individualist, someone who didn't give a damn. "We both had pretty much the same attitude toward racing," says Hunt. "He's extremely selfish and I'm the same way. It's simply necessary to get on in racing. We both approached racing in a very simple and unromantic way."

Some Lauda watchers say that he's

is?" Lauda had posted the second-fastest time that day, a 1:28.791 lap.

During the final qualifying session for Long Beach, Lauda stood calmly by the track, watching cars scream by, waiting for the rubber to build up in the corners, which would make the track faster. Finally he jumped into his car and drove three even better laps—the first in 1:29.8, the second in 1:28.1, the third in 1:27.4. It seemed that nobody would be able to touch his final time, which translated to 87.698 mph on the 12-turn, 2.13-mile circuit. Everybody was racing in the McLaren pit; journalists were milling around Lauda. Suddenly, 15 seconds before the qualifying hour was up, it was announced that Alfa Romeo driver Andrea de Cesaris had clipped 3 off Lauda's time, gaining the pole position. This was greeted with some chuckles because last year de Cesaris had been No. 2 driver on the McLaren team. He had crashed 16 times. "It doesn't mean anything," said Lauda, sitting on the pit wall eating an

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BASEBALL

Frances Crockett grew up in a big house that was a favorite haunt of ghosts, ghoulies and things that go bump and do stepover toeholds in the night. Actually, these weird creatures were professional wrestlers, men with cauliflower ears who plied their trade disguised as Indian chiefs, English lords, masked marvels and storm troopers. They came to her home in a leafy, affluent section of Charlotte, N.C. to conduct business with her late father, a successful promoter of wrestling in several Southern states. Everybody knew him as Big Jim Crockett, and Frances was his little girl.

Her favorite wrestler was Gorgeous George, the legendary bobby-pin thrower himself. But she also has fond memories of dining with her family on Oriental cuisine prepared by Mr. Moto, the wickedest of all the postwar Japanese villains,



Crockett with her crew: Ron, Debbie, Jimmy, Lisa, Betsy.

The lady is a gem of a G.M.

Frances Crockett has turned the Charlotte O's into a box-office smash

and on seafood caught and cooked by the Dirty Duseks, Emil and Ernie, members of wrestling's most infamous family.

Young Frances was unaffected by the circus atmosphere that swirled around her. Well, not totally unaffected. When she walked into the living room one day and discovered Maunce Tillet, the French Angel, there, she almost jumped out of her bobby sox. Tillet had a face that would have frightened John Wayne.

While wrestling fans wondered if gentlemanly George Becker would ever unmask the Great Bolo, Frances lived an everyday life and dreamed everyday dreams. She was going to marry, have three sons and confine her work to high-minded civic projects. "I guess I was going to be just like Doris Day," she says.

"I believed all those movies I saw."

She never suspected that she would become something of a curiosity herself. In 1976, at age 35, she was named general manager of the Charlotte O's baseball team, in the Class AA Southern League. A handful of other women have held similar positions. There are currently two other female G.M.s—in Walla Walla, Wash. and Rohnert Park, Calif.—but it's still an unusual job for a divorced mother of five children.

Crockett's baseball career—business career, really—began in 1975 when with her mother, Elizabeth, and her brothers, Jim Jr., David and Jack, she bought the team. Charlotte had been a bastion of the bushes since 1911, having been a way station for such hot prospects as Early

by Ronald Green

Wynn, Harmon Killebrew and Tony Oliva. But minor league baseball had died there in 1971 because of poor teams and poor management and was replaced for a while by pro softball. Clearly, the Crocketts had their work cut out for them when they paid off the Asheville, N.C. team's \$20,000 indebtedness and moved the club to Charlotte.

The first year Frances kept the franchise's books. The second season the family agreed she should run the club herself, while her brothers concentrated on the wrestling and real estate portions of the family enterprise. Most observers considered that decision to be nothing more than hype. After all, the clan that had foisted the Fabulous Moolah and the Purple Flash on the world would also recognize the promotional value of having a woman general

manager. As far as baseball executives go, Crockett remains the object of uncommon interest, but she's no longer viewed as just another Crockett promotional gimmick. The last vestiges of that notion disappeared in a sea of black ink in 1980 when she put 198,528 customers into the stands of 5,500-seat Crockett Park. Baseball had never drawn more than 146,000 in Charlotte before. This success, which coincided with the city's first league championship in eight years, helped make her *The Sporting News* Class AA Baseball Executive of the Year. Last year the O's drew even better—211,161—though they finished only second in their division. Last week they had 12,897 for their four-game season-opening home stand.

Crockett was the first woman to win *The Sporting News* award at any level. Faint praise, one might say, considering how few women have been in baseball ownership and management. But Crockett says, "That plaque is a statement

that I have finally been accepted."

To fully appreciate what it meant for her to pack in record crowds, sell out the fence advertising and double the size of game programs to 48 ad-rich pages, one needs to know that the only surefire winners on the Charlotte sports scene have been automobile racing and, of course, professional wrestling. Indeed, after an early surge in fan interest when baseball returned to Charlotte, attendance fell so precipitously that the franchise almost expired again. The soft voice of Frances Crockett saved it.

Jim Jr., president of Jim Crockett Promotions, Inc., which includes all the family's business interests, was inclined to fold the O's after they drew only 64,163 in 1978. Frances urged him to keep the club going.

"O.K.," he told her, "you've got one more year."

"O.K.," she said, "but I do it alone."

During her first two years as general manager, Jim Jr. and David had hovered over her. After all, her previous business experience was limited to some office chores in 1974 and that bookkeeping stint in '75 when David was the O's general manager.

"We tended to fight a lot, like brothers and sisters do," Frances says. "I told them we were going to destroy each other the way we were going. They said,

'Fine, it's yours. Sink or swim.' Now when they show up at the park, it's just to enjoy a game."

Before he washed his hands of the baseball operation, Jim Jr. teamed with Frances to put a hammerlock on the parent Baltimore Orioles, threatening to find a working agreement with another organization if Baltimore didn't give Charlotte the talent to field a contender. When the Orioles obliged, Frances began to promote in a style that would've made Big Jim—not to mention Gorgeous George—proud. She almost doubled attendance in one season, raising it to 122,889 in 1979.

Big Jim never tried to teach his daughter the ropes of promotion, didn't think it was women's work, but Frances hasn't forgotten something she heard him say many times about dealing with the public: "Never lose touch with the people. Be on the same foot with them. Never drive a Cadillac because those people paid for it."

That's not the only reason Frances drives a Chevy station wagon. It's also handy for hauling her young ones around. The Doris Day thing didn't quite work out the way she expected. She married when she was 18, and after having five children in nine years, she wound up with a divorce and custody of what could have been a major babysitting problem.

She ultimately solved that by hiring the whole bunch to work at the ballpark. Debbie, 22, pops the popcorn and supervises vendors in the stands. Lisa, 19, is a Pepper Girl, sort of a uniformed hostess. Jimmy, 17, works on the grounds crew. Betsy, 15, runs the souvenir stand. Ron, 13, is a ball boy.

"It saves on allowances," says Crockett, "and it allows us time together to do something we enjoy. They seem to like the arrangement. During the off-season, I play mama for about a month, cooking them big meals and all that, but after a while, they want me to quit being such a good mother."

When it comes to being good in business, Crockett says, "I think being a woman is an advantage in dealing with people around the league and in the Baltimore organization. When I go to a meeting, who do you think they're going to listen to or remember? They may not pay a lot of attention to what I have to say but I'll catch their attention first."

When she introduced halter-top and jogging-shorts uniforms for the Pepper Girls, she said, "They won't offend women and men will like them." As for women who might disagree with Crockett, she says, "That's just being unrealistic."

Once the season starts, she sits behind her cluttered desk, kicks off her shoes—she keeps three to five pairs under the desk so she can be prepared for everything from an emergency dress-up situation to tired feet—smokes three packs of cigarettes a day and works 12-to-15-hour shifts running her ball club.

When the Crocketts bought the ballpark in Charlotte from the Minnesota Twins, they poured money into improvements. They tore out the splintery old seats and put in new ones, dressed up the concession stands and rest rooms, painted everything, added a club room, built a new press box and reworked some old office space into a room that groups could rent to party in during a game. Frances now has a staff of nine full-time employees and a horde of part-timers, but when she started out she did whatever was needed herself, including cleaning the ladies' room.

But mainly, she promoted. Crockett has staged 200 promotions, most of which she learned about at off-season seminars she attended with other general managers from around the country. Along with the usual giveaways she has

continued



Soloweyko, a/k/a Klondike Bill, wrestles with groundskeeping chores at Crockett Park.

imported the San Diego Chicken and Baltimore's Wild Bill Hagy, held ostrich and go-cart races, given out kazoo for "the world's biggest kazoo band," passed "the world's largest ice cream sundae" around the stands for fans to help themselves, given a full admission to anyone bringing to the park a banana or a picture of a banana—one man made it with a picture of Richard Nixon's nose—and rewarded the pure of heart by discounting Sunday ticket prices for those who brought church bulletins.

Looking back, Crockett says it scares her to think how little she knew when she became general manager. Now she's not only running the O's but has also bought into teams in Greensboro, N.C., and Salem, Va., and is looking to invest in more. She has put together a radio network that broadcasts all O's games in four towns and expects to increase that number. Her attendance goal this year is 235,000.

Her groundskeeper at Crockett Park, by the way, is a beefy fellow who looks like some of those guys who used to parade through her home. Bill Soloweyko is his real name, but most folks call him Klondike Bill. He's a former wrestler.

THE WEEK

(April 12-18)

by **HERM WEISKOPF**

NL WEST

PHIL. Don't tell any one—especially not the Royals—but Rich Gale's missing fastball has been found. It was seen blurring its way past flailing Cincinnati batters as Gale pitched the Giants (3-2) to a three-hit, 6-1 victory. Gale, a 14-game winner as a Kansas City rookie in 1978, struck out seven and then agreed with the Reds' Clint Hurdle, his former K.C. teammate, that his fastball had as much zip as ever. Joe Morgan, 38, and Reggie Smith, 37, aren't as frisky as they used to be, but they had enough pep to knock off the Padres 3-2. Morgan stealing two bases and Smith driving in a pair of runs. Smith then connected for his first four-bagger of the season, a two-run drive off Tom Seaver, as San Francisco defeated Cincinnati 4-2.

"Bew me, but don't embarrass me," said Dusty Baker of Los Angeles following a 4-3 setback in San Diego (5-1). Baker was irked that the Padres cavorted at home plate, following their fourth win in their last five games with L.A. "They were giving high fives, low fives, knocking each other in the rear," Baker said. "I would understand it if they were go-

ing for a pennant, but this is the second week of the season." San Diego Catcher Terry Kennedy had a simple explanation. "We're not trying to show anybody up," he said. "We're just happy because we're one game over .500. That doesn't happen here very often." The San Diego fans' slogan this season is "Get Mad WITH the Padres," a spinoff from new Manager Dick Williams' attempt to get his players so riled up about their doormat image that they'll wipe their feet on other teams for a change. Juan Eichelberger, with relief assistance from Gary Lucas, defeated Fernando Valenzuela and the Dodgers 2-0. John Curtis beat Los Angeles 8-3, and then Eric Show came out of the bullpen to work four innings of scoreless relief during a 4-3 defeat of L.A. before a home crowd of 47,117. Lucas followed Show to the mound and picked up his third save of the week. The Padres were at it again on Sunday, overcoming a 3-2 deficit in the eighth inning by scoring seven runs and thereby completing a four-game sweep of the world champion Dodgers, 9-3.

After losing to the Padres, Valenzuela found he had lost something else—personal valuables that had been taken from the safe-deposit trunk in the locker room. Further examination revealed that Valenzuela's semi-weekly paycheck of some \$20,000 wasn't gone, having been snagged on the lid of Fernando's hideaway. The costliest loss of all for the Dodgers (1-6) was the disappearance of their offense, which produced only 11 runs during six defeats.

Two Dodger setbacks were by 2-1 scores to the Astros (2-4), the first coming when Phil Garner singled across the decisive run in the bottom of the 11th and the other when Don Sutton and Joe Sambito combined on a five-hitter. Nolan Ryan, whose 1.69 ERA was the best of any starter in the majors last season, was cuffed by the Braves for five runs in 5½ innings during a 5-3 loss that left him with an 0-3 record and a 7.90 ERA.

Cincinnati (1-5) pitchers needed a map to find home plate; in 53 innings they allowed 35 bases on balls; in 6½ innings, however, didn't prevent Bruce Berenyi from beating the Giants 8-2 and breaking a six-game losing streak for the Reds, who were mired in the basement. Three of those losses came against front-running Atlanta (page 14).

**ATL 11-0 SD 6-4 SF 5-5
LA 4-7 HOU 4-6 CIN 3-8**

NL EAST

By putting the past behind them, the Cardinals (7-0) left nobody in front of them as they moved into first place. Last season the Cardinals voted not to cut Andy Rincon in on the team's playoff money because they felt that his absence during the Cards' van stretch drive was his own fault, that he hadn't taken care of himself after being injured. Rincon was clearly ready last week when he held Chi-

cago to three singles while winning 3-1. Pitcher Steve Mura, whose 14 defeats with the Padres tied him for the most losses in the majors in 1981, beat the Cubs 6-1. Orzelle Smith, also late of San Diego, hit his first home run since 1978 to help Jojoquin Andruw defeat Chicago 4-3. St. Louis also won 6-0 against Steve Carlton, who had been 30-9 against his former team since being traded to Philadelphia in 1972. Even though Carlton has the best pickoff move in the game, the Cardinals stole four bases in the first inning. One of those steals was by former Phillie Phanatic Smith, who already has 10. St. Louis also got two hits from Andruw, who was 0 for 23 last year. Lonnie Smith had four more hits on Sunday as the Cardinals made it three in a row over the last-place Phillies by defeating them 6-5 in 11 innings. The biggest hits in that contest, though, were delivered by David Green, who knotted the score at 5-5 when he singled in the bottom of the ninth and then ended the game with another run-producing single in the 11th inning.

Philadelphia (1-5) and Carlton had other troubles. Two-time MVP Mike Schmidt went on the disabled list with a cracked rib, and Carlton was beaten by Randy Jones of New York (3-4) for the second time this year, 5-3. The Mets' new \$4 million scoreboard-TV screen lit up when Dave Kingman walloped the three-run homer that sank Carlton.

Many hitters feel that the best way to break out of a slump is to keep swinging away. That, sort of, is what Larry Bowa of Chicago (3-4) did. After swinging away angrily in the clubhouse and shattering his bat when it finally hit something solidly, Bowa went out the next day and emerged from his 1-for-25 talisman with a double, triple and three runs batted in during a 10-2 drubbing of the Pirates.

Montreal (3-2) played five one-run games. In the first four, Andre Dawson was only 2 for 15, Gary Carter 4 for 16 and Al Oliver 2 for 16. One of Oliver's hits was a ninth-inning homer that beat New York 4-3. Then in a week-ending 7-6 defeat of the Mets, Dawson had a homer and a game-saving catch in center, and Carter belted a round-tripper. Dawson and Carter had three RBIs apiece in that contest. Onetime Met Jeff Reardon came out of the bullpen to stave off New York's late surge and pick up his first save.

Dave Parker, who has been on the outs with Pirate fans, responded to a standing ovation during the Pittsburgh (2-4) home opener by slugging a drive into the centerfield seats that helped beat Montreal 4-3. Omar Moreno, who singled in the tiebreaking run in the ninth that day, beat the Expos 7-6 the next with a single in the 12th. Tony Pena, who spiked up his .542 hitting with five doubles, had four hits in that game. But the best news for the Bucs was that John Candelaria and Don Robinson, who both had arm troubles last season, pitched effectively. Candelaria, who underwent off-season shoulder surgery,

continued

C A M A R O

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MOTOR TREND MAGAZINE



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went five innings and allowed only two hits in the 7-6 victory over Montreal. Robinson worked five innings during a 5-1 loss to Chicago, didn't allow a run and struck out six Cubs.

STL 9-3 MONT 6-3 NY 6-5
CHS 5-7 PIT 3-5 PHIL 2-8

AL WEST What's new? Well, how about Greg Luzinski of the White Sox (6-0) beating out a two-out infield hit? (Tom Paciorek followed with a three-run homer that upended Boston 5-4.) Or how about Comiskey Park's refurbished exploding scoreboard? (Luzinski inaugurated it with a two-run homer that knocked off Baltimore 3-1.)

There was nothing new in Seattle (2-4), though. By failing to get a hit in 24 of 27 at bats with men on base, the Mariners dropped three games to the Angels. Seattle then beat Oakland twice, 5-0 behind Floyd Bannister and 4-3 with a two-run bottom of the ninth in which Richie Zisk knocked the score at 3-3 with a homer and Todd Cruz sealed matters with a run-scoring single.

Although California (6-0) swept Seattle, it wasn't easy. Win No. 1 took 20 innings—17 one night before a 1 a.m. curfew and three the next evening—before the Angels came out on top 4-3 when Don Baylor got his fifth hit of the game and came home on Bob Boone's single. Later that night the Angels had to go 10 innings to win 2-1 on a double by Bobby Grich. The next day's 3-2 triumph was a more routine nine-inning game in which the aptly named Amos Otis pitched a six-hitter. A pair of home runs by Baylor and the six-hit pitching of Geoff Zahn polished off the Twins 5-2. California's supposedly suspect pitching staff held opponents to .202 hitting and went through one stretch of 40 innings without yielding an earned run. The fielders did their part, too. Rick Burleson set a big league record for a shortstop in an extraordinary contest when he had 15 assists in the 20-inning marathon, and the Angels pulled off 13 double plays during the week. The Angels learned on Sunday, however, that they will have to get along for most or the rest of the season without Burleson, whose nagging right shoulder was found to be caused by a torn rotator cuff.

Kansas City (4-1) helped the West build a 14-3 record for the week against the East by beating Baltimore and Cleveland twice each. Reliever Dave Frost won a pair of games, and Dan Quisenberry got three saves, the middle one sealing Vida Blue's 3-1 victory over the Indians. Amos Otis batted .350 and had nine RBIs and three game-winning hits. His single in the ninth finished off the Orioles 4-3, and his two-run double in the eighth took care of the Indians 12-10.

Dan Meyer, who hit only three home runs in '81, and Tony Armas, who tied for the

BALL PARK FIGURES

The Plod Squad is composed of the 10 active non-pitchers, who have appeared in at least 200 games, with the lowest ratios of stolen bases to games played, according to the Elias Sports Bureau:

1. José Morales, C, Balt (0/58/627 G)
2. Terry Kennedy, C, SD (0/235)
3. Benny Ayala, OF, Balt (0/210)
4. Maec Hill, C, W. Sox (1/489)
5. Milt May, C, SF (2/965)
6. Wayne Nordhagen, OF, Tor (1/417)
7. Clint Hurdle, OF, Cin (1/367)
8. Terry Crowley, 1B, Balt (3/755)
9. Rick Cerone, C, Yanks (2/493)
10. Dave Revering, 1B, Yanks (2/465)

league lend with 22, each had two-homer games as Oakland (3-3) twice beat Minnesota. The A's also got eight stolen bases from Rocky Henderson and five more from Davey Lopes.

Bill Stein of the Rangers (4-2), who had an American League-record seven consecutive pinch hit last season, didn't get a swing this year until he faced Rolfe Fingers of the Brewers with two on in the top of the 10th of a 1-1 game. In case Fingers' first pitch, Out went Stein's first hit—a double that carried Texas to a 4-1 triumph. The starting pitcher for Texas was Dave Schmidt, who didn't find out until he got to the park that he would be filling in for Doc Medich, who was ill. Schmidt hauled five innings of one-hit, one-run ball before giving way to Danny Darwin, who allowed only three singles over the final five innings. A three-run homer by rookie George Wright capped a four-run eighth-inning uprising that overhauled the Brewers and made the Rangers 9-6 winners.

Rookies Kent Hrbek, Randy Johnson and Dave Eisenreich homered as the Twins (1-5) defeated the A's 11-5, Unit Sunday, no scoring pitcher, however, lasted more than seven innings—one went 1½ innings, another got just one out. Altogether, the five starters in the losses went 20½ innings, gave up 22 walks, 21 hits and 14 runs.

CHI 6-0 CAL 3-3 KC 6-3 TEX 5-3
OAK 6-5 MINN 5-7 SEA 4-8

AL EAST "I yell when I'm at bat. I grunt, you know, like they do in kung fu. I think I get more power that way." So said Enos Cabell of the Tigers (4-3), who yelled, grunted and powered his way to a productive week in which he came through with the team's first two homers of the season. Several other Tigers were more quietly efficient. One was Larry Herndon, who like Cabell was obtained by Detroit from San Francisco during the off-season. During a

4-2 triumph over the Blue Jays, Herndon scored the go-ahead run in the sixth inning by racing all the way home from first base on a two-out single to right center by Lou Whitaker. John Wockenhusen poked out four hits during another 4-2 defeat of Toronto. That game was won on a four-batter by Jack Morris, who later defeated New York 5-3.

For Toronto (3-4), Luis Lile and Roy Lee Jackson combined for a 2-0 defeat of Boston, the first time the Red Sox had been shut out at home since July 1980. The Blue Jays had to pinch themselves after a 5-4 triumph over Detroit in which Wayne Nordhagen opened the last of the ninth with a pinch single, pinch runner Anthony Johnson stole second base and Buck Martinez got the game-clinching pinch hit.

A three-run homer by Glenn Hoffman and three hits by Carney Lansford enabled Boston (2-4) to defeat Toronto 5-4 and break a four-game losing streak. The Red Sox then beat the Blue Jays 4-3 on Sunday when Hoffman, who had tripped, scored the tiebreaking run in the last of the ninth on a wild pitch.

Bert Blyleven of the Indians (3-3), who went seven innings, fanned seven and yielded just two hits and one run while beating the Brewers, appeared to be recovered from tendinitis. And Andre Thornton found his stroke after two injury-plagued years, slamming three home runs and batting .480. Three hits

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

ENOS CABELL: The first baseman-third baseman obtained by the Tigers from the Giants shortly before the season began, batted .483, had nine RBIs, walloped a pair of home runs and scored four runs.

by Toby Harrah, including his fourth home run of the season, helped Cleveland knock off Kansas City on Sunday. Ed Whitson's two innings of hitless relief locked up the five-hit victory for John Denny. All of which enabled the Indians to join the Tigers as the East's only teams that don't have losing records.

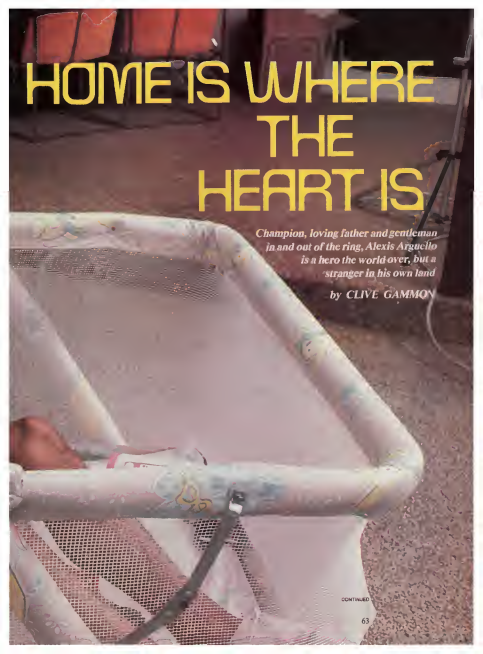
Milwaukee (1-5) pitchers were tagged for 40 runs. But Rolfe Fingers tossed 3½ innings of scoreless relief and won 9-8 in Cleveland when Paul Molitor tripled in the 10th and scored on Charlie Moore's single.

Los Angeles had three hits and Willie Randolph's three RBIs as New York (3-3) came out ahead 10-7 in Texas. They switched roles during a 10-2 victory at Detroit, Piniella, who batted .636, getting the three RBIs and Randolph the three hits.

Baltimore (10-5) tumbled despite Eddie Murray's .600 hitting. Not even his 5-for-5 performance could avert a 10-6 loss to the White Sox.

DET 5-5 CLEV 4-4 BOS 4-5 TOR 4-6
NY 3-5 MIL 3-6 BAL 2-7





HOME IS WHERE THE HEART IS

*Champion, loving father and gentleman
in and out of the ring, Alexis Arguello
is a hero the world over, but a
stranger in his own land*

by CLIVE GAMMON

CONTINUED

ARGUELLO

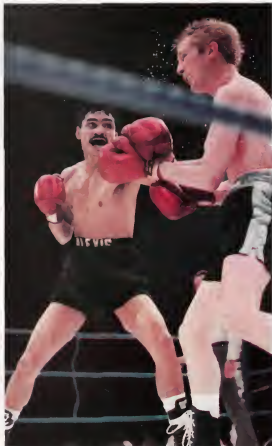
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The new BMW glides through the Sunday afternoon affluence of King's Bay in South Miami, past trailered vee-hulls on the driveways, the swimming pools glimpsed beyond well-watered lawns. The young woman at the wheel steers sedately; beside her, her husband is bottle-feeding their year-old son.

An unremarkable sight, except that, even in this day and age, it is a touch disconcerting to see a mustachioed Latin brawler—the WBC lightweight champion, with two other world titles behind him and the prospect of an unprecedented fourth before him—behave in such a suburban, contented, un-macho way. Even the mustache belies the stereotype. It's full but carefully trimmed, soldierly, disciplined, without the animal anarchy of the Roberto Duran model. And when the family dines at the King's Bay Country Club, one notices the man's pleasant courtesy toward the staff and his guests, with no hint of the imperial style of other champions. But though he is more serious than most 30-year-olds, he's playful enough to slip baby Roberto a lemon slice, the sourness of which makes the child frown—and then be swiftly chastised by Loretta, his wife.

Make no mistake, however. This civilized young suburbanite, Alexis Arguello—late of Managua, Nicaragua, now of King's Bay and its country club—is the most destructive puncher, the most accomplished boxer, in the world. He's also the most undeservedly neglected. Despite his 74-4-0 record, no one has seen fit to package him for the media, as Sugar Ray Leonard has been. He lacks the carefully orchestrated menace of Marvin Hagler, or even the juvenile, but quotable, conceit of Wilfred Benitez. He doesn't even have a nickname in the U.S., though in Managua they used to call him *Flaco*—Skinny. Nonetheless, now, in the slow word-of-mouth way by which a fine restaurant or a good play becomes known, the message is getting through.

Smith & Wollensky's restaurant on



Arguello battered Watt last summer to win his third championship, the WBC lightweight title.

East 49th Street, New York City, Dec. 3, 1981: A crowd of boxing writers, promoters and savants has assembled to honor *The Ring* magazine's choice of the eight best current titleholders, and one by one the fighters come up to receive their awards. There is warm applause for Hagler, for Leonard, for Wilfredo Gomez. But when Arguello comes forward, the sophisticated audience rises to give him a standing ovation.

Matchmaker Teddy Brenner, before Arguello's third defense of his WBC lightweight title, Feb. 13, against Bubba Busceme: "Arguello is the greatest boxer in the world. He's ahead of Thomas Hearns and Ray Leonard in ring generalship and power. He has two great punching hands, and he's as dangerous in the 15th round as in the first. He's thinking all the time. He could lose six of the first eight rounds, but he has planned the fight and his recovery and it almost always ends in a KO. He's the complete professional."

Such tributes sound exaggerated, but statistics bear them out. Arguello, who had his first pro fight at 16 years of age, has 60 KOs among his 74 victories. Thirty-six of them came in the first three rounds. That he has held three world titles places him in the select company of Bob Fitzsimmons, Henry Armstrong, Barney Ross, Tony Cantoneri and Benitez. Of his 18 world-title fights, he lost only one, his first, when, as a 21-year-old, he left Managua for a fight for the first time and lost on a decision. He has never been knocked out.

"With Alexis, you have a choice," says Jimmy Jacobs, the manager of Benitez, the WBC junior middleweight champion. "You can go in the middle rounds, as he chose with Busceme, or you can go a little slower, when he boxes you to death over the distance, as he did Jim Watt."

Consider also that all his title fights, almost all of his important defenses, have been won in the teeth of boying crowds, some as far away as London and Tokyo.

"Alexis never had an easy fight," de-



Arguello lowered the boom on Manciel but then spoke glowingly of the challenger's future.

clares Don Kahn, the sprightly Puerto Rican who is Arguello's semipermanent houseguest and his trainer-in-residence, though Eddie Futch takes over close to a fight. "Always in the wrong hometown."

Los Angeles, where Arguello won the featherweight (126-pound) title from Mexico's Ruben Olivares in 1974, isn't in Mexico. But that Saturday night it might as well have been. When he went up to 130 pounds and beat WBC junior lightweight champion Alfredo Escalera in

January 1978, it was before a hostile crowd of 17,000 of the latter's countrymen in San Juan, Puerto Rico. Last summer he challenged Watt of Scotland for his lightweight crown in London's Wembley Arena, where only nine months earlier the crowd had rioted after Hagler's defeat of England's Alan Minter.

Arguello is that rarest of birds, an old-fashioned sportsman who refrains from hype and from bad-mouthing opponents. And his style seems to affect his foes.

continued

ARGUELLO

continued



Arguello's sister, Mirna, remembers the revolution: "Six soldiers came . . . and I am still afraid."

When Arguello arrived in London for the Watt fight, he immediately inquired after Watt's family, and Watt returned the gesture, saying, "Alexis and myself are both proud professionals, and a world championship fight should be a dignified affair."

The bout was dignified, all right, and brutal. Watt and Arguello were both bloodied, and Arguello won a unanimous decision. "I have no complaints," Watt said at the conclusion. "I hope I went out like a man. The title is in good hands."

Arguello had the last word. "I promised Jim I defend the title for him with my blood and my heart," he said.

In the ring, which had been the target

of bottle throwers after Hagler defeated Minter, Watt and Arguello embraced each other after the decision was announced, and the extra bobbies brought in to control the crowd filed out with the decorous fans.

Arguello was also applauded in San Juan after he put Escalera away. "In Puerto Rico, they love Alexis more than they love [WBC super bantamweight champion] Gomez right now," says Kahn, who ought to know. "They love Benitez, but they love more Alexis. He wins the people when he beats Escalera. The government gives him a certificate making him the guest of the nation."

When Arguello entered the ring in Beaumont, Texas to fight the local hero, Busceme, he got the predictable antagonistic reception from the home crowd. He swatted away Busceme's early, wild shots with unconcern and then, choosing his positions and his punches, knocked him out neatly in the sixth round—a rather simple chore, like mowing the front lawn back in King's Bay. As soon as the dazed Busceme was the right way up in his corner, Arguello took the challenger's head gently in his gloves and spoke urgently to him. "I told him," Arguello said in the dressing room after the fight, "that he was a man. I wanted him to feel strong again, and give him his pride back. I told him he fought like a man, just like Mancini."

Indeed, last October, in Atlantic City, N.J., Arguello spoke to Ray Mancini in equally warm and generous terms after he had defeated the challenger. With considerable grace, he referred to Mancini's father, a former pro fighter who had himself aspired to the lightweight title, and spoke of his sadness at the father's disappointment over his son's defeat. For those aware that the world of boxing is a long way from Camelot, these solicitous remarks might have had a whiff of stage management. But Arguello's rare, curiously old-fashioned chivalry was unrehearsed, and a national television audience, which viewed the fight on CBS, was charmed.

Mancini had taken the fight to Arguello and seemed to be ahead after six rounds. But then the champion asserted himself and methodically pummeled the 20-year-old challenger until he TKO'd him in the 14th round.

The fighters embraced, much as Arguello and Watt had in London, and Alexis spoke to Mancini, saying, "I love your father [whom he then gestured to in the audience]. That is the most beautiful thing you have . . . like I have with my father. Take good care of you. You're going to be a good, good fighter, and I promise if I can do something for you, let me know, please."

Mancini then talked about how disappointed he was to have lost his title bid, and Arguello assured him that his own first championship fight also had been a failure.

Arguello's strongly felt sense of what is gentlemanly can cut both ways. In 1978, just after he had won his junior fight-

continued

At his "pub," dad Guillermo (left) hosts Guillermo Jr. and sportscaster Sucre Frech.



BENSON & HEDGES

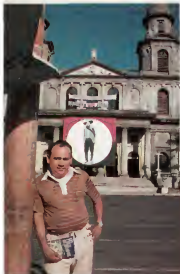
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Tigerino's now close to Sandino, not Arguello.

weight title from Escalera, he came upon Roberto Duran in the lobby of Caesars Palace in Las Vegas. There had been some vague talk that Don King was interested in promoting a match between them, and Arguello walked over to shake hands. According to Arguello, Duran ignored the proffered hand. "He screamed at me, 'You're a queer! Why don't you sign the contract?' It was just propaganda, maybe. I'd never seen a contract." At the time, Duran was having trouble making the 135-pound lightweight limit, and Arguello was coasting along in the junior lightweight division, so a match wasn't likely. Even so, Arguello was disgusted. He walked away from Duran and they never met in the ring. Arguello denies, however, that he would have turned Duran down. "I am a professional boxer and I am happy to fight with anyone," he says simply. "This is my job."

And in doing his job, he matches has considerable physical strength with equivalent brain power. Watch him in the early rounds of a fight, say his second bout with Escalera, in Rimini, Italy in

February of 1979, which Arguello says was his toughest fight. He lashed out at the buzzing Escalera, but often his counterattack seemed ineffective, his punches falling short of the mark.

Arguello was drawing Escalera in, emboldening the challenger, allowing him to think, "Here's a fighter with no snap." "Alexis seems almost lackadaisical about his starts," says CBS boxing consultant Mori Sharnik. "Certainly he 'takes' a few punches in the early rounds." All the time, though, Arguello is feeding data into that computer of a mind, making judgments, figuring his man, pulling him into range.

And then in the fifth or sixth round, the same short punch suddenly has crunching power. Both Busceme and Mancini ended up reeling like drunken sailors—as did Escalera in that terrific fight in Italy. Arguello has a pulverizing left hook, but often it is the straight right over the top that he uses as a finisher. "If he ever gets Aaron Pryor (the WBA junior welterweight champion)," Sharnik says, "he'll overwhelm him."

Lately it has been Arguello who has been overwhelmed, by an obsession. Since July 1979, he has fought 11 times; No. 12, against Andy Gannan, was scheduled for April 3 in Las Vegas but had to be postponed until May 22 (it will be telecast by CBS) because Arguello had inflamed sinuses. He says he will go on at this pace: "This year is going to be busy. The end of '83, I'm going to finish my career. I've got to make money fast—fight four or five times every year. I had four fights in '81, and I only took December off because I was moving from Coral Gables." He barely stops training. "After a fight I talk to my doctor to find out how

my face is, my body, my muscles," Arguello says. "I take one week layoff and I am training again. Right now is the time for work. Later is the time for everything else."

This obsession isn't rooted in the ring or ring history, although the goal of becoming the first man to win four different titles is worth zealously pursuing. No, the obsession stems from something deeper than that: survival.

When Arguello came to New York to fight Rafael (Bazooka) Limon in July of 1979, Nicaragua was in a state of turmoil. The violent Sandinista revolt against the right-wing regime of Anastasio Somoza was nearing its successful conclusion. After Arguello knocked out Limon in 11 rounds on the night of July 8 at the Garden's Felt Forum, he started back to Managua by way of Miami.

"I didn't know how much things would be changed," Arguello says, "so I just took ordinary luggage when I left home six weeks before the fight. The full-scale civil war had started when I was in Mexico training for Limon, and when I got to Miami after the fight, Dr. [Eduardo] Roman, my manager, said there was a big problem getting back into Nicaragua, so I stayed for a while in Miami."

He's still there. After the revolutionary government took over, Arguello's house and that of his mother were confiscated as well as his boat, his cars, his chicken-raising business and his bank account. The Sandinistas were rough about it, turning his mother and his eldest sister into the street without time even to pack their clothes. His house, he was told, had been given over to Soviet diplomats and government men were driving

continued

Arguello's former house in Managua reportedly has been turned over to Soviet diplomats.



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ARGUELLO

continued

around in his Mercedes. He still had about \$200,000 in a U.S. bank, but the greater part of the capital—approximately \$500,000 in money and properties—that he had earned in 67 fights during almost 11 years, was gone.

He was bewildered. Hadn't he sent money to the Sandinistas when their leaders were in exile in Mexico? Hadn't he gone into the ring against Limon in New York under the red and black Sandinista banner, for all to see? And hadn't his younger brother, Eduardo, been killed while fighting for the Sandinista cause only weeks earlier? Arguello's anger slowly grew, his resolution deepened. "When you have something hard to do, you must do it," he says, reflecting on these events. "I had to do it all again. I had everything, now I had to start again. If you have a lot of courage you can do it again."

Flying into Managua—a city of 398,514 in the small Central American nation of 2.74 million—one notices a stunning resemblance between the rubble still lying there from the 1972 earthquake and that caused when Somoza's planes attacked his own people's houses in 1979. Barrio Monseñor Lezcano, where Arguello was born, on April 12, 1952, and raised, has the stigma of poverty—lean dogs, the crouching unemployed, the patched, ill-hung doors, the roof split open to the sun.

The street on which Guillermo Arguello lives has been renamed, not in honor of his fourth son, Alexis, but of los combatientes Sandinistas. A simple brass plate has been erected in memory of Eduardo Arguello, 12 October 1959–17 June 1979, and Yasmína C. Bustamante, of the Managua FSLN, the Sandinista National Liberation Front. For no apparent reason there are no dates for Yasmína, who was Eduardo's 18-year-old girl friend from across the street. They died in the same fire fight with Somoza's National Guard.

Even though the 60-year-old Guille-

mo's neighbors tell him it's foolishness, he goes frequently to look for the body of Eduardo, his youngest, which, as everyone in the barrio knows, was burned like many others on a stack of old tires. But he still searches, just as he did on the day of the fire fight.

Guillermo, known in Managua as Ce-

sorts as an amateur. Alexis was a clever boy, Guillermo remembers, and was offered a scholarship to a private school in Managua.

"I remember when I was estudiante," Alexis says, "my father got into money trouble. I wanted to be an engineer or a doctor and my father was a good worker, but he started drinking so I had to leave school. He told me with tears in his eyes that I had better start doing something to help the family. I was about 14 years old. I looked for a job but it was impossible to find one."

By the time Alexis was 15, he had a job in a dairy that paid him \$70 a month and let him train for the ring part time—so long as he wore the company's name, La Perfecta, on the back of his robe whenever he fought. About this time he met an old fighter, Miguel Angel Rivas, whom he still reveres. Rivas worked with him until the second Escalera fight.

Rivas is called Pambelé in Central America and Colombia, where he was well known as a welterweight. (Antonio Cervantes, the Colombian junior welterweight who had the WBA title for eight years, took the ring name Kid Pambelé to honor Rivas.) "He's a good old man, a friend of mine, a great fighter 30 or 40 years ago," Arguello says. "We made a good relationship. I owe much of my career to him."

Pambelé is now 67 and finds details, especially of recent events, hard to remember, though he recalls vividly his own greatest victory, over a huge opponent, 40 pounds heavier than he, known as King Kong the Sailor. Arguello's two Escalera fights are dim in Pambelé's mind, but, sitting in his Managua home, he suddenly recalls how the teen-age Alexis came to him for permission to try cigarette smoking. On Pambelé's advice, Alexis didn't take it up. That memory triggers other things—how disciplined Alexis was, how obedient, always on time at the gym though he often had no bus fare and would have gone hungry af-

continued



Pro boxing is banned in Managua, but kids still spar at Arguello's gym.

bolón, or the Big Onion, isn't close to the most famous of his six sons, though he watches Alexis' fights on TV. A coolness developed between them when Guillermo left Alexis' mother, Zola, who lives in South Miami, Fla. in a house Alexis bought her a year ago. In the outer room of Guillermo's house are his bed and his cobbler's workbench. Inside are a table and a few rum bottles, which entitle the place to be called *Cantina Lija*. It's the neighborhood bar.

All his six boys boxed, Guillermo will tell you, and Orlando, his fifth son, four years younger than Alexis, represented Nicaragua in the Central American games and won five medals of various

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When not in training, Arguello strums a happy note for Loreto and Dr. Roman in King's Bay.

ter training if Pambelé hadn't bought bananas for him.

Even Pambelé might have failed to see Alexis through to his world-championship triumphs had the kid not met another Nicaraguan, the aforementioned Dr. Roman, who became and remains the greatest influence in Arguello's life. Roman, a wealthy Nicaraguan who had trained in the law and economics—his doctorate is in the latter—was vice-president of the national power and light company in Managua when he first met Arguello in 1970. Today he is an elegant, small-boned man of 44, with upswep gray hair. Like Arguello, he lives in exile in Miami.

In 1968, though, Roman was in the mainstream of Nicaraguan politics, no Somozan but a liberal who, as he puts it, "knew that many of the resources of my country were being wasted." He was intrigued when a friend told him there was a young fighter living in Managua who had a good punch and a great future. "I had never seen boxing before," Roman says. In Managua the facilities for boxing weren't good. The wooden arena was badly constructed; it had stands on only three sides—the ring was flush to the wall on the fourth side—and accommodated only 400 to 500 people.

"Even I could see that this boy had

great potential, but I guessed that, like so many other things in my country, it would be wasted," Roman says. "I decided that it would be good for my country to have a champion, that it would be good for the people to know that it was not necessary to be born rich, that you could fight for things. We have had baseball in Nicaragua for many years, but we have never won any kind of championship. So I decided to try to make my people happy."

It was a genuinely altruistic act. First Roman got Arguello out of the dairy by guaranteeing him \$200 a month—"Good money in my country," says Arguello. Then he hired a trainer for \$650 a month. At this point, Roman, who wasn't planning to make any money on the young fighter, retired from the scene. But Arguello kept coming back to him for advice, and Roman recognized the inevitable. "I went to see Alexis' main promoter," he recalls, "a man named Roger Riquero, now dead. I asked him, 'Why don't you get some better fights for Alexis so he will then be able to fight ranked boxers and be ranked himself?' But he told me no, because he was making plenty of money on Alexis already—Alexis was a good attraction in Managua, a good puncher, but at the same time, cheap."

"All right," I said to him, get better

fighters. If you lose money, I'll make up the difference." I did that, and I never took a cent from a purse. I also shipped trainer Pepe Morales down from Mexico to improve Alexis' skills. I got him a fight with José Legra, who was the twice-crowned WBC featherweight champion, and Alexis knocked him out in the first round. I was ready then; I went to Panama to see an old classmate of mine, Ruben Pareres, who was the chief of the army, and we made a fight with Ernesto Marcel for the WBA featherweight title."

It was Arguello's first and only championship defeat. Nine months later, in November 1974, Arguello caught Ruben Olivares, who had become featherweight champ after Marcel's retirement, with a left hook to the jaw in the 13th, and he was at the front, where he has stayed virtually ever since.

Virtually, because there's a curious gap in Arguello's ring record. He fought only three times in 1976, the last time in June in Los Angeles in defense of his featherweight title against Salvador Torres, whom he knocked out in the third round. Then eight months passed before he fought again, knocking out Godfrey Stevens in Managua in two.

Extraordinarily, this dedicated, disciplined fighter, obedient to his mentors, reared on self-help books like *How to Win Friends and Influence People*, provided by Roman, had a midcareer crisis that led him, in 1976, to announce his retirement from the ring.

Last month, in a Las Vegas hotel room, sniffling, wrapped in blankets, Arguello was pondering his just-canceled fight with Gangan and waxing philosophical. "Did you know I was once a hippie?" he asked. His tone was so straight and confessional, you'd have thought he was declaring his membership in the Italian Red Brigade.

He explained that after his father told him he must leave school and after he had looked in vain for a job, he headed, improbably, to Canada, to a small town in Ontario where a relative lived. "I went to seek my fortune," he said unselfconsciously. But all he got was a brief and innocent flirtation with happiness and a tattoo on his upper left arm of a serpent making an unsuccessful attack on the Canadian flag, with an inscription in Chinese ideograms beneath. What does the inscription mean? "I couldn't say." Alex-

is said. "I was only 14 when I got it."

For a long time, that brief adventure represented Arguello's single mild rebellion. But a real one was in the offing, and to understand it one has to comprehend what it's like to be the only world-class athlete in a small country like Nicaragua. Leave home in the morning and there are paparazzi at the doorstep. Go to a disco and five columns of analysis appear in *La Prensa* the next morning. Even today, there are sportswriters in Managua who can give you a blow-by-blow of that rocky spell in Arguello's career.

"There was that fight in Mexicali against Jose Torres in February 1976," a Managua sportswriter recalls. "It was not a title fight, but he was playing poker until three, four in the morning. And there was a *muchacha* with him when he should have been concentrating on training in Managua. Even when he left for the fight he took the girl with him. Always, before, he used to go with Sylvia, but for Mexicali he took another girl. He

won the decision, but he was knocked down for the second time in his life."

Sylvia was the classic girl-next-door-in-the-barrio, whom Alexis married when he was 17 and who bore him two children. Dumping her for a *muchacha* was something he might have gotten away with in Philadelphia, but not in Managua. "He was very innocent, really, about women," the sportswriter says. "The money came fast, he was taken up by the society people of Managua. Before, he was a good husband, always at home. Now he started staying out late in Plastic City [what Managuans call the garish entertainment district south of town] and that's where he met Patricia, dancing in a disco. She danced well and she was of the upper class. She was 16, maybe 17."

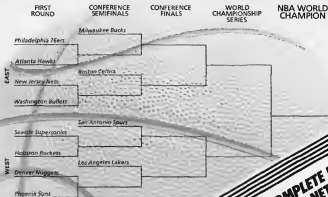
When the divorce came, the barrios and the press were solidly for Sylvia. Tales of their early poverty were recalled—how once, when they were badly strapped, Alexis had had to pry a coin

worth about 25¢ from a souvenir ashtray they had at home; and how, when their house was damaged in the great Managua earthquake, they couldn't afford the \$140 to repair the wooden structure and Roman had had to come up with the money. The divorce, working-class Managuans felt, meant that Alexis had betrayed his own people.

He responded with more and more ostentatious, out-of-character behavior. In 1976 he announced his retirement from the ring—to cut down on the money he would have to pay Sylvia, the press claimed. There followed allegations that he was wickedly hard on sparring partners, that he relied on local boys because he could get away with paying them a mere \$2 per bout, that he was too ferocious with them, even hurting his own brother Orlando, that he lost control during training, as did Carlos Monzon, the longtime Argentinian middleweight champion who was noted for his hot temper. "Three thousand dollars for a watch

continued

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for his wrist, two dollars to beat up a Nicaraguan," Mienaguans said.

To anyone who has known Arguello in recent years, that accusation borders on the incredible. It arose, no doubt, from the maliciousness of the local press and the bitterness in the barrios. But there's also no doubt that Alexis went well off the rails in this period, and that the cause was both media pressure and his second marriage. "The first time he defended his featherweight title, against Lionel Hernandez in Caracas," another reporter says, "his spending was unbelievable. Suits, solid gold bracelets. Just like Duran and Monzon." For the only time in his association with Arguello, Roman's influence was in eclipse. The same writer says, "One day a man from Costa Rica showed up with a Mercedes sports car. Alexis took him to the bank, drew \$50,000 cordobas [about \$7,000] in cash, added his own new Mercedes sedan, gave everything to the Costa Rican and drove away in the used car."

A scene in the lobby of New York's Statler Hilton hotel, across the street from Madison Square Garden, on the eve of Arguello's fight against Ezequiel Sanchez there in June 1977 was typical of his behavior during this period. As Roman, the press and Nicaraguan fans looked on, Patricia suddenly accosted Arguello. She

was very angry and wanted money. She screamed, "I got married to you to get a good life, but you are giving me nothing!" Arguello, embarrassed, put his hand in his pocket and gave her money, but the incident signaled the end of their marriage.

Arguello is in more tranquil, far more secure waters in his present marriage, to Loretta, a handsome, wryly humorous Nicaraguan girl he met in Miami in 1978. And that domestic tranquility is especially important to Arguello because the anarchy of his relationship with Patricia was followed by another trauma, his exile from Nicaragua.

Roman, though not a member of the Sandinista Front, wanted the overthrow of Somoza. Early in the revolution he was involved with an anti-Somoza underground paper, supplying it with money and materials and arranging for mimeographing. At one point he was forced to fly to Costa Rica to escape Somoza's National Guard. Previous to that, though, he had tried to attend to Arguello's political education. The night before he left Nicaragua to fight, Arguello would customarily dine at Roman's house. At one such dinner, before he headed for Italy and the second Escalera fight, Roman introduced Arguello to *El Pensamiento Vivo de Sandino*, a little book of the thoughts and life of Sandino, the Nicaraguan revolutionary hero of the early '30s, whose name had been taken by the new movement. Arguello was politically naive at this time and was impressed enough to send money to the revolutionaries.

"Somoza never gave him a penny," Roman says, "but he tried to take advantage of Alexis' position as world champion. He got him to take part in a presidential parade, riding on a horse. Then he presented him with a decoration of the Congress. I heard these things were going to happen and I said, 'Look, Alexis, don't make that mistake. They are trying to involve you in their politics, and that is terrible for you because you are the champion of the people of

Nicaragua, not of the dictator Somoza.'"

Upon overthrowing Somoza in July of 1979, Sandinista officials discovered that Somoza had appointed Arguello an honorary lieutenant in his National Guard, the feared and hated army that had kept the dictator in power. Arguello was scarcely aware that he had been so "honored." He didn't even tell Roman. In fact, he didn't have room on his walls for all the unsolicited certificates that reached him. But this one sealed his fate. Or at least that of his property.

The Avenida del Campo runs through a lushly green residential area to the east of Managua. Americans might expect to pay \$250,000 for one of the houses, which are still imposing, even though the lawns are unkempt and uncollected garbage litters the sidewalks. On the grass outside Roman's house are parked half a dozen vehicles belonging to the 17 Cuban communications experts who are—according to locals—now billeted there. Arguello's house, down the road, is screened by trees and reportedly inhabited by the Soviet diplomats.

Such changes are an inevitable part of a revolution and, weighed in the balance, are perhaps unimportant. And at least Arguello escaped the trauma of being physically expelled from his house. His eldest sister, Marina, now working as a seamstress in a small clothing factory in Managua, still recalls with horror how "Six soldiers came and Mama had the heart sickness and I am still afraid. And Alexis, do I miss him? *Si, claro!*"

The official line on the confiscation of Arguello's property is unyielding. It is put precisely by Edgard Tijerino, a member of the FSLN and a writer formerly on the independent *La Prensa* and now with *Barriada*, the official government daily. Until the revolution he was very close to Arguello—he met him in 1968 and wrote his biography. However, a later piece Tijerino wrote, entitled *De Idolos a Tirite* ("From Idol to Pupper") ended their relationship.

"I speak now," he says, "as a Sandinista. Everybody saw Alexis in the ring with the party flag, but by the time he fought Limon, the Sandinistas were already in a winning position. Revolutionary leaders saw this as a piece of opportunism organized by Roman. Nobody knows if Alexis had the Sandinista flag in his heart. As for Eduardo, his brother who was

Arguello (right) knocked out Olivares in 1974 for his first title.

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killed—in a big family, there are many ways of thinking. If the father of Carlos Fonseca (the greatest hero of the revolution, who was killed in the mountains in 1976) came to Managua, he would be put in jail.

"When the revolutionaries were victorious, they had to control the country. There had to be a starting point. The majority of lands, farms and houses belonged to Somozans and had been obtained illegally. Individual cases of confiscation could not be discussed. There were a lot of errors. For me, the case of Alexis was one such."

There is no doubt that Tijerino was speaking officially. He's very close to the government. And he readily admits that Arguello is still a great hero in Managua. "When he won the lightweight title from Watt, all over the city there were firecrackers going off, car horns blowing," Tijerino says. "The nine comandantes of the National Party canceled all appointments to watch the fight. *Barricada*, which does not even have a sports section, ran the story on page one. Daniel Ortega, who is chief of the junta, came into my office when I was typing and grabbed my shoulder. 'How is Alexis?' he asked me. It was the first time he had ever mentioned sport to me."

The night of the Watt fight, something curious happened. A mere two hours before the bout was scheduled to begin, Mickey Duff, the British promoter, was approached by a Nicaraguan journalist. Managua, at the last moment, wanted the telecast of the fight. A certified check arrived from the Nicaraguan embassy in the nick of time. Arguello's third world-title triumph clearly altered the thinking in government circles. After he had beaten Watt, Arguello headed to Venezuela to talk with promoters, and at the Caracas Hilton he found a delegation composed of Tijerino and Samuel Santos, the mayor of Managua, waiting for him. Tijerino said later, "The government recognized its mistake."

The still smoldering Arguello has a different interpre-

tation. "They send these persons to ask me to come back to my country," he says. "Then they tell me the reason they invite me—because they have the birthday of the revolution. They're going to make, like, a party. Teófilo Stevenson is coming from Cuba, they say. Muammar Ali, Fidel Castro, communist people. They want to start making a new reputation for themselves. I told them, no."

Apart from other issues, Arguello is understandably parade-shy. "I told him he was not obligated to come to the parade," Tijerino says, "but Alexis misinterpreted the offer. He said, 'Have my property evaluated and send me a check in U.S. dollars.' He also said he might be attacked if he came to Managua. But the government had no interest in buying his property. It was there and he could have it." Checkmate.

But one thing is certain. If Arguello ever decides to go home, it will set off the biggest fiesta that Managua has seen in years. He seems unlikely to return, though. The new Alexis, the suburbanite from King's Bay, has few regrets beyond the comparative sterility of his new environment. "Here everybody is in his

house, everybody say nothing," he says. "Sometimes hello, but not the same. I never go hunting here. The sea is here to fish, but I am working."

And between fights, mostly in the tropical heat and humidity of the Fifth Street Gym in Miami Beach, he works, works, works with Kahn. The wildness has been replaced by a steely, almost inhuman, dedication. "Look at that," Futch said in the dressing room before the Busceme fight. "Twenty-five minutes to bandage his own hands," Futch said, "and I could have done it in three."

But that's the way Arguello operates. "Everybody say he's a slow starter," Kahn says. "He takes two or three rounds to see what you got. Then"—Kahn's fingers click—"he starts to work on you. He's too smart to take a chance until he sees you are gone. He don't throw punches crazy until he see the open space. He is always calm. He don't go after a man throwing punches. He knows, in every three minutes all you must do is hit the guy two or three times good, so when you hit you hurt."

"To hurt somebody, he knows you have to hit the right place, that is all. The punch that finished Escalera the second time, it was a left hook from just there"—shoulder level. "I didn't see power in the punch, but it was to the right place, the side of the chin. Escalera couldn't stand up for about 15 minutes. They lifted him up and he fell down again twice."

Should all go well in the Ganigan defense, the 5' 9½" Arguello hopes to move up to junior welterweight (140 pounds), which shouldn't prove difficult, for a shot at Pryor's title. The glory of four separate world titles could then be his. Possibly before that he could meet WBC featherweight champ Salvador Sanchez for a prize that has so far eluded Arguello: a \$1 million purse.

That could lead to a match with Leonard and a \$5 million purse. And if the comandantes don't arrange for that one to go on television, they may have another revolution on their hands.



In 1978, Arguello moved up and KO'd Escalera for his second crown.

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RALEIGH LIGHTS

PERSPECTIVE

by MICHAEL BAUGHMAN

OUTDOORSMEN, FOLLOW THE LEAD OF OUTDOORSWOMEN IN RATING SUCCESS

Hunting and fishing are generally believed to be masculine pursuits. Countless magazine articles, television programs, jokes and cartoons have portrayed outdoor sports as one of man's primary escapes from woman. If a fellow does occasionally condescend to take his mate along on a hunting or fishing trip, it isn't really regarded as *serious* hunting or fishing. Women, after all, aren't supposed to be strong enough, skilled enough or tough enough to boot marlin, stalk deer or huddle in a duck blind in 20° weather at dawn. They may have attained equality in some areas, but never in this.

In my experience, such an attitude is total nonsense. Without reservation I can say that my wife, Hilde, is the finest hunting and fishing companion I've ever had. This isn't meant to disparage the many fine men with whom I've shared pleasant days afield or to imply that my wife is an extraordinarily gifted outdoorswoman, although she does cast a fly beautifully and is in good enough physical condition to hike steep hills and rocky draws for hours in any weather. The pleasure of

Hilde's company has more to do with the fact that she is relaxed and noncompetitive, unlike the vast majority of the men who take up shotguns, rifles and fishing rods.

When we used to hunt, a pastime we gave up a couple of years ago, Hilde thoroughly enjoyed the hiking and the country, the wildlife and the dog. She never worried about how many birds she got; in fact, she might well be delighted at the end of a day on which neither of us had killed anything.

And when we fish it's the same. We love creeks and rivers, the sight and sound of clear water in motion. Fish live in lovely places, and trying to catch them is a reasonable excuse to go there. Generally I let Hilde start down a pool or riffle ahead of me. Sometimes when I follow her down I make longer casts than she does, or I wade farther out to cover water she has missed. If she hooks and lands a good fish ahead of me, I may take a turn in front. But it doesn't matter to us who catches the most or the biggest fish, or if either of us catches anything at all, because being there is what really matters.

I think that competition ruins outdoor sports as surely as an hour-long downpour can muck up a baseball game, and my liberal attitude would be that about 99 out of 100 men are compulsively competitive hunters and fishermen. Though they may try hard to disguise it and may

make elaborate, even eloquent, claims to the contrary, the unmistakable evidence is there. Most of the conversation around the campfires concerns who will get or already has got the largest buck, or the heaviest trout, or the fastest limit of ducks or doves. Outdoor literature reflects an inordinate interest in the standard measures of success—the biggest, the most—while nearly always ignoring the philosophical and esthetic aspects of hunting and fishing. I think it's even reasonable to argue that much of the poaching that goes on, and plenty does, is a result of this competitive attitude. Unfortunately, a lot of men would rather kill a fish or animal illegally than suffer the humiliation of coming back empty-handed.

I've had competitive impulses while hunting and fishing myself, and have often

observed them in others. Paradoxically, as hunters and fishermen improve their skills, it often becomes more difficult for them to enjoy their sports. This is especially true of the men who become good enough to get reputations, which they then feel obliged to live up to each time they go out with rod or gun. I once watched for three long summer days as a friend of mine, one of America's finest fly fishermen, tried to hook a summer steelhead in front of Hollywood movie cameras. He didn't hook one, though, and I don't think I've ever seen a more dejected man in my life. Everyone knows full well that even the finest anglers have runs of rotten luck, but any friend seemed to feel that he was being publicly disgraced. What should have been a laughing matter turned into a nightmare for him. Ever since then I've been convinced beyond doubt that the hunting and fishing life of a happy clod is preferable to that of a dour expert any time.

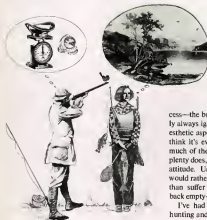
Perhaps the very best thing that outdoor sports can do for us is create a store of pleasant recollections for times when we are forced to stay indoors. One of my favorite memories is of a summer morning Hilde and I spent fishing on a steelhead stream. We were out on the river at dawn and we fished until nine. We saw herons, water ouzels, deer and an osprey with a 10-inch trout clutched in its talons. The osprey, we agreed, was far more skillful than we had been. We had fished riffles and pools as the chill air warmed toward morning, and neither of us had raised a thing.

With the sun about to clear the tops of the Douglas firs and cedars on the bank behind us, we decided to try one last spot. It was too nice to quit. We picked a stretch of water off a long, rocky island in the middle of the river, with a deep channel straight below it and a strong, churning rapids below the channel. We waded out quickly to beat the sun, and on her first short cast, which covered no more than 20 feet, Hilde hooked a good steelhead. After she had landed and released it, I made a cast that brought the fly across the channel a few feet below where her fish had been holding. I hooked and landed a steelhead of my own, and an excellent morning was suddenly made perfect for us.

The one thing about it that I can't remember is which of the two steelheads was larger; I don't think we even noticed at the time.

END

ILLUSTRATION BY GUY WALKER



Drop-Outs



Particle Shedding



Color Distortion



Noise



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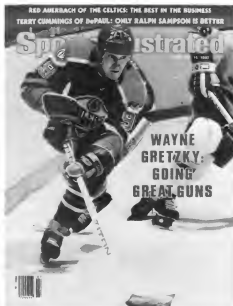
In fact, our binder system has given HGX a drop-out rate that's significantly lower than that of any ordinary video tape. It has also virtually eliminated particle shedding—that's when oxide particles come off your tape and clog the heads of your machine. And because our oxide particles are so densely packed, Maxell HGX has superior high frequency response and a higher signal-to-noise ratio. Which means you don't have to live with color distortion or watch your picture through a screen full of snow caused by video noise.

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week April 12-18

Compiled by MIKE DELNAGRO

PRO BASKETBALL—In the closing week of the regular season, George Gervin jumped to 25 points to lead San Antonio to the 115-106 triumph over Dallas that enabled the Spurs to end their second straight Midwest Division title. Gervin finished as the NBA's top scorer (33.3 points a game) for the fourth time in five seasons. By clinching the division crown, San Antonio earned a bye in this week's playoff main-series, along with earlier division winners Seattle (Alvin), Milwaukee (Clement) and Los Angeles (Pacifi). Meanwhile, New Jersey (4-0 for the week) and Atlanta (3-2) wrapped up the last two Eastern Conference playoff spots. In the Western Conference, a six-team race for the final four berths ended on Saturday night. Along with San Antonio, the qualifiers were Houston (2-2), Phoenix (3-1) and Denver (3-2) (page 20).

BOWLING—PETE WEBER won his first FBA title by beating Pat McCarty 210-199 in a \$100,000 tournament at Windsor Locks, Conn.

BOWLING—TADASHI TOMORI won the WBC Junior Eightball title on a split decision over Mexico's Ananda Urzua in Tokyo.

DRIVING—At the U.S. outdoor championships in Milwaukee, RON MERRITT won the one- and three-meter springboard events and DAN WATSON won the 10-meter platform title. Among the women, MEGAN NIXON earned her three-meter crown and also swept the one-meter competition. WENDY WYLAND won the platform title.

GOLF—KATHY WHITWORTH shot a seven-under-par 281 to defeat Patty Sheehan by nine strokes in the \$150,000 Women's International at Hilton Head, S.C. It was Whitworth's 13rd career win, tying her with Mickey Wright as the LPGA's all-time wins leader.

LANNY WADKINS fired an eight-under-par 280 to beat four other players by three strokes and win the \$150,000 Tournament of Champions at Rancho La Costa, Calif.

HOCKEY—After a 3-2 overtime win in Montreal last night, Quebec won the quarterfinal. The Nordiques' momentum seemed to die. They were defeated 4-3 and 4-4 at Boston, first on Ray Bourque's 25-footer with 55 to play and then when Brian Prosser, Keith Crowder and Barry Pederson capped for two

goals apiece. But on Sunday Wilf Patera's overtime goal gave Quebec a 3-2 win. After eliminating Edmonton in Game 5 of the preliminary round, Los Angeles also got off to a shaky start in the quarterfinals, losing 3-2 at Vancouver on Gary Lupat's third-period goal and 4-3 at home in OT. But L.A. did win the second game 3-2, when Steve Bickel scored in overtime, and then trailed 3-1 in the series. Chicago beat St. Louis 5-4, as Doug Wilson tapped a 25-footer by Brian Giesler Mike Lutz for the deciding score. St. Louis got even in Lutz stopped 25 shots in a 3-1 triumph, but the Black Hawks pulled ahead again on Sunday, snapping Lutz with 33 shots on goal in a 6-3 victory. In the finale of New York's Islanders and Rangers split Games 1 and 2 on Long Island, the Rangers winning 5-4 as Reijo Ruuskanen blasted home a 50-footer with 1:34 to go in the opener, and the Islanders coming back in a 7-2 rout that featured a pair of Duane Sutter goals. On Sunday, Bryan Trottier scored in overtime and the Islanders regained the home-ice advantage in a 4-3 victory.

HORSE RACING—AIR FORBES WON 153 (26), Asper Codger beat Shamateur by a neck to win the \$175,200 Wood Memorial at Aqueduct. The colt ran the 1 1/4 miles in 1:54 (page 22).

ROCKWALL (343 666, Hembert) Valdivieso up, beat Water Hawk by half a length to win the \$200,000 California Derby, running the 1 1/4 miles at Golden Gate Fields in 1:40.

MARATHON—ALBERTO SALAZAR beat Dick Benedict by 1 second to win the San Antonio Marathon in the record time of 2:08.13. The victory equaled the marquee in the race's history, and Salazar's time was only 18 seconds off his own world record. CHARLOTTE TESKE of West Germany placed first among the women in 2:19.33.

SOCCER—Fort Lauderdale took sole possession of first place in the NASL's Southern Division by beating Jacksonville 4-2 on three goals by Brian Kluck. Toronto and the Cosmos stayed unbeaten in the Eastern Division, the Blizzard defeating Tulsa 1-0 with a last-minute goal by Juan Carlos Melana and the Cosmos getting a goal and an assist from Chico Rivera to upset Tampa Bay 4-0. Portland and San Diego also maintained their perfect records. The Tumbler cut down Chicago 2-1 in a shoot-out, and San Diego, which had won its first two games by 1-0 scores, blanked San Jose 3-0.

INDOOR SOCCER—St. Louis wrapped up the MISL Western Division title by beating second-place Wichita 5-0 on Redondo Lane's goal in overtime. In the Eastern Division, New York raised its league-best record to 15-7 by defeating New Jersey 7-4, Buffalo 7-4 and Philadelphia 6-2.

TENNIS—JIMMY CONNORS defeated Mel Panelli 6-2, 6-1 in the \$200,000 Pacific Southwest Open in Los Angeles.

TRACK & FIELD—BOB ROGGY set an American record of 3:07.67 in the sprint throw in San Jose, Calif. He surpassed the American mark of 3:00 set by Mark Marro in 1970.

MISPOSTS—Hired as basketball coaches at Arizona State, BOB WEINHAUER, 42, who had a 5-year record of 99-45 at Pennsylvania and won four Ivy League titles at Minnesota, LEE HUNT, 47, after four years as an assistant coach at Auburn-Birmingham, at Furman. JENIE DAVIS, 35, after four years as an assistant coach at Indiana, and in St. Bonaventure. JIM O'BRIEN, 32, after five seasons as an assistant coach at Connecticut.

REVEALED The death on March 23 of FRED BOWMAN, 25, a boxer who fell to a combi after a fight in Atlantic City on Feb. 28, 1981 and never regained consciousness, in Youngstown, Ohio.

SIGNED By the San Francisco 49ers, RENALDO (Skret) NEHEMIAH, 25, world-record holder in the 110-meter hurdles (2:13.0), to a four-year contract worth a reported \$500,000. The 49ers intend to play him at wide receiver (page 30).

DIED ARTHUR (Vic) HANSON, 78, football and basketball All-America at Syracuse and the only athlete ever inducted into the halls of fame of both college sports after a long illness in Syracuse.

CREDITS

4—Lane Spawert 14.75—Walters 10.75 7-18—John H. Lacey 12.25—Manny Miller (bottom right) 19—John Lacey 12.25—Manny Miller 14.75—Walters 10.75 10—John Lacey 12.25—Manny Miller 14.75—Walters 10.75 11—John Lacey 12.25—Manny Miller 14.75—Walters 10.75 12—John Lacey 12.25—Manny Miller 14.75—Walters 10.75 13—John Lacey 12.25—Manny Miller 14.75—Walters 10.75 14—John Lacey 12.25—Manny Miller 14.75—Walters 10.75 15—John Lacey 12.25—Manny Miller 14.75—Walters 10.75 16—John Lacey 12.25—Manny Miller 14.75—Walters 10.75 17—John Lacey 12.25—Manny Miller 14.75—Walters 10.75 18—John Lacey 12.25—Manny Miller 14.75—Walters 10.75 19—John Lacey 12.25—Manny Miller 14.75—Walters 10.75 20—John Lacey 12.25—Manny Miller 14.75—Walters 10.75 21—John Lacey 12.25—Manny Miller 14.75—Walters 10.75 22—John Lacey 12.25—Manny Miller 14.75—Walters 10.75 23—John Lacey 12.25—Manny Miller 14.75—Walters 10.75 24—John Lacey 12.25—Manny Miller 14.75—Walters 10.75 25—John Lacey 12.25—Manny Miller 14.75—Walters 10.75 26—John Lacey 12.25—Manny Miller 14.75—Walters 10.75 27—John Lacey 12.25—Manny Miller 14.75—Walters 10.75 28—John Lacey 12.25—Manny Miller 14.75—Walters 10.75 29—John Lacey 12.25—Manny Miller 14.75—Walters 10.75 30—John Lacey 12.25—Manny Miller 14.75—Walters 10.75 31—John Lacey 12.25—Manny Miller 14.75—Walters 10.75 32—John Lacey 12.25—Manny Miller 14.75—Walters 10.75 33—John Lacey 12.25—Manny Miller 14.75—Walters 10.75 34—John Lacey 12.25—Manny Miller 14.75—Walters 10.75 35—John Lacey 12.25—Manny Miller 14.75—Walters 10.75 36—John Lacey 12.25—Manny Miller 14.75—Walters 10.75 37—John Lacey 12.25—Manny Miller 14.75—Walters 10.75 38—John Lacey 12.25—Manny Miller 14.75—Walters 10.75 39—John Lacey 12.25—Manny Miller 14.75—Walters 10.75 40—John Lacey 12.25—Manny Miller 14.75—Walters 10.75 41—John Lacey 12.25—Manny Miller 14.75—Walters 10.75 42—John Lacey 12.25—Manny Miller 14.75—Walters 10.75 43—John Lacey 12.25—Manny Miller 14.75—Walters 10.75 44—John Lacey 12.25—Manny Miller 14.75—Walters 10.75 45—John Lacey 12.25—Manny Miller 14.75—Walters 10.75 46—John Lacey 12.25—Manny Miller 14.75—Walters 10.75 47—John Lacey 12.25—Manny Miller 14.75—Walters 10.75 48—John Lacey 12.25—Manny Miller 14.75—Walters 10.75 49—John Lacey 12.25—Manny Miller 14.75—Walters 10.75 50—John Lacey 12.25—Manny Miller 14.75—Walters 10.75 51—John Lacey 12.25—Manny Miller 14.75—Walters 10.75 52—John Lacey 12.25—Manny Miller 14.75—Walters 10.75 53—John Lacey 12.25—Manny Miller 14.75—Walters 10.75 54—John Lacey 12.25—Manny Miller 14.75—Walters 10.75 55—John Lacey 12.25—Manny Miller 14.75—Walters 10.75 56—John Lacey 12.25—Manny Miller 14.75—Walters 10.75 57—John Lacey 12.25—Manny Miller 14.75—Walters 10.75 58—John Lacey 12.25—Manny Miller 14.75—Walters 10.75 59—John Lacey 12.25—Manny Miller 14.75—Walters 10.75 60—John Lacey 12.25—Manny Miller 14.75—Walters 10.75 61—John Lacey 12.25—Manny Miller 14.75—Walters 10.75 62—John Lacey 12.25—Manny Miller 14.75—Walters 10.75 63—John Lacey 12.25—Manny Miller 14.75—Walters 10.75 64—John Lacey 12.25—Manny Miller 14.75—Walters 10.75 65—John Lacey 12.25—Manny Miller 14.75—Walters 10.75 66—John Lacey 12.25—Manny Miller 14.75—Walters 10.75 67—John Lacey 12.25—Manny Miller 14.75—Walters 10.75 68—John Lacey 12.25—Manny Miller 14.75—Walters 10.75 69—John Lacey 12.25—Manny Miller 14.75—Walters 10.75 70—John Lacey 12.25—Manny Miller 14.75—Walters 10.75 71—John Lacey 12.25—Manny Miller 14.75—Walters 10.75 72—John Lacey 12.25—Manny Miller 14.75—Walters 10.75 73—John Lacey 12.25—Manny Miller 14.75—Walters 10.75 74—John Lacey 12.25—Manny Miller 14.75—Walters 10.75 75—John Lacey 12.25—Manny Miller 14.75—Walters 10.75 76—John Lacey 12.25—Manny Miller 14.75—Walters 10.75 77—John Lacey 12.25—Manny Miller 14.75—Walters 10.75 78—John Lacey 12.25—Manny Miller 14.75—Walters 10.75 79—John Lacey 12.25—Manny Miller 14.75—Walters 10.75 80—John Lacey 12.25—Manny Miller 14.75—Walters 10.75 81—John Lacey 12.25—Manny Miller 14.75—Walters 10.75 82—John Lacey 12.25—Manny Miller 14.75—Walters 10.75 83—John Lacey 12.25—Manny Miller 14.75—Walters 10.75 84—John Lacey 12.25—Manny Miller 14.75—Walters 10.75 85—John Lacey 12.25—Manny Miller 14.75—Walters 10.75 86—John Lacey 12.25—Manny Miller 14.75—Walters 10.75 87—John Lacey 12.25—Manny Miller 14.75—Walters 10.75 88—John Lacey 12.25—Manny Miller 14.75—Walters 10.75 89—John Lacey 12.25—Manny Miller 14.75—Walters 10.75 90—John Lacey 12.25—Manny Miller 14.75—Walters 10.75 91—John Lacey 12.25—Manny Miller 14.75—Walters 10.75 92—John Lacey 12.25—Manny Miller 14.75—Walters 10.75 93—John Lacey 12.25—Manny Miller 14.75—Walters 10.75 94—John Lacey 12.25—Manny Miller 14.75—Walters 10.75 95—John Lacey 12.25—Manny Miller 14.75—Walters 10.75 96—John Lacey 12.25—Manny Miller 14.75—Walters 10.75 97—John Lacey 12.25—Manny Miller 14.75—Walters 10.75 98—John Lacey 12.25—Manny Miller 14.75—Walters 10.75 99—John Lacey 12.25—Manny Miller 14.75—Walters 10.75 100—John Lacey 12.25—Manny Miller 14.75—Walters 10.75

FACES IN THE CROWD



PAUL NEVE
BOSTON, MASS.

Neve, an MIT junior, won nine races ranging from 500 meters to one mile in pacing the Europeans to their best indoor season (1:07-00 in 85 years. At the New England intercollegiate championships, he won the 1,000-yard run in 2:08.3.



KEVIN BURDINE
BOSTON, MASS.

Burdine, a senior right-hander at Belmont High, pitched a two-hitter and two consecutive no-hitters. He has a 2-0 record, an ERA of .82 and has struck out 91 batters in 51 innings to lead the Class AA Indians to the No. 1 ranking in the state.



STEVE MELODY
VANCOUVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA

Melody, a senior, and Baker, a sophomore, led Simon Fraser University, of Burnaby, British Columbia, to an second straight NIAA women's swimming and diving championship. Melody won five events, setting NIAA marks in the 200-meter free (2:08.30), 100 free (1:59.26), 1,500 free (14:41.09), 500 free (11:06.02) and 200 backstroke (2:31.70). Baker also won five events in record time: 200 fly (2:16.80), 200 and 400 IM (2:21.73 and 4:55.04), 400 free (4:22.79) and 200 breaststroke (2:44.45).



STEVE BROWN
VAN NUYS, CALIF.

Brown, a 29-year-old water-meter reader, was the surprise winner of the Los Angeles Marathon. A former middle-distance man on the USC track team, he covered the course in 2:16.33, extracting a field of 1,000 other runners.



AGNIESZKA REISS
CHICAGO, ILL.

Ronnie, a 6'4" 12-year-old at Severn Creek Elementary, led his YBA-YMCA basketball team to a 9-0-1 season by averaging 36 points and 25 rebounds a game. Under YBA rules, each player may play only two quarters a game.

SIGN HERE

Sir:

Robert Cressner's article (*Hey Mister, Can We Have Your Autograph?*, April 12) was the best I've read on the subject of autograph collecting, but he, like others before him, emphasized the profit motive and bad manners of autograph seekers.

I'm an autograph collector. I've always loved the game of baseball, but I never really knew much about the players, especially the old-timers, until I got involved in researching, writing letters and collecting autographs. Now a bit of baseball history unfolds every time I look through my albums, and for every autograph I have received in person, I have a story to tell.

So, to the hundreds of baseball players who have said yes to the question, "May I have your autograph, please?"; I'd like to say, "Thanks for sharing the memories!"

KATHERINE BITOW
East Brunswick, N.J.

Sir:

I thoroughly enjoyed the article on autograph collecting. One of my treasured possessions is a baseball Babe Ruth autographed in 1928. Just before Henry Aaron broke Ruth's home-run record, I drove to Wrigley Field, where the Atlanta Braves were playing the Cubs, and with the cooperation of an enthusiastic field guard who brought Aaron over, I got Aaron's signature on the same baseball. Wow! Aaron was most gracious about signing. When he saw the Babe's autograph on the ball, he grinned and said, "Gee! How about that?"

JEAN W. FRIEDLANDER
Milwaukee

Sir:

I really enjoyed your article about autographs, but am both confused and amused at the statement that Bill Russell doesn't sign autographs. Right on the opposite page is an ad for the Olympic team. The ad offers paintings, numbered and signed by Bill Russell. Does this count as an autograph?

MICHAEL E. MARTIN
Freeport, Ill.

• Not in the strict sense of the term.—ED.

STEVE GARVEY

Sir:

I was deeply moved by William Nack's piece on Steve Garvey (*As Always, a Man of Principle*, April 12), which was one of the best stories I've seen in my 20 years of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* reading. In this sensitive account of a tragically flawed marriage and a less-than clubby relationship with several of his team-

mates, Garvey emerged as a man of warmth and caring who is dedicated to principle not out of obstinance, but because his values are so much a part of his character that for him to be otherwise is literally impossible.

PHILLIP PINEGAR
Muncie, Ind.

Sir:

The criticism of Steve Garvey is an indication of what's wrong in America. Athletes in the past few years have been convicted of point shaving, drug smuggling and a lot of the other transgressions that are committed by members of the general population. But here we have a genuine superstar who happens to be clean-cut, vibrant and very sincere, with the courage to be himself, not a two-faced representation of what the world wants him to be.

Some observers wonder if Garvey is for real, and Don Sutton says Garvey's public personality is a Madison Avenue facade. Oscar Wilde once said a cynic is a man who knows the price of everything, and the value of nothing. He must have been thinking ahead to Garvey's critics.

TOM MAZZA
Oklahoma City

Sir:

It is certainly unfortunate that Steve Garvey is an only child, because the world could use a few more like him.

JACQUELINE ECKHMAN
Denver

Sir:

Oh, come on! How can you say Steve Garvey is "the most dramatically underpaid player in baseball" when he's making \$360,000 a year? The everyday worker is lucky to make \$300,000 less than that. Garvey is a super player and easily my favorite, but to say he is greatly underpaid is ridiculous. The statement typifies all that is wrong with baseball today.

JEFFREY BERNSTEIN
Plainview, N.Y.

RELIEF

Sir:

I agree with Mr. Kaplan's proposal that holds be incorporated into the relief pitchers' rating system, but while I have only moderate skills in statistical analysis, I find shortcomings in his method of evaluation.

First, many of the new categories he advocates are simply different ways of gauging the same things that established statistics measure. For instance, an effective "+/- run prevent" score should reflect a high number of saves or holds as well as a low ERA. If it doesn't, it's a relatively useless statistic.

Second, the ranking system doesn't ac-

count for the degree of a pitcher's effectiveness compared to others. Rolfe Fingers shouldn't have been given a merely one-point edge over Rich Gossage in saves when he actually had a whopping eight more saves during the season.

Finally, the author weighs all categories equally in importance, and that's wrong. First batter on base is hardly as important a stat as saves, but Kaplan's system treats them as if it were.

I wonder how many managers, given a choice of relief pitchers, would look at Joe Simmon's five wins, 10 saves and 18 holds, and pick him over Bruce Sutter.

STEVE FURNISS
Dallas

Sir:

SI's latest contribution to the already crowded field of baseball statistics is too complicated for the average fan to comprehend. Here's a simpler system that works for both pitchers and batters.

The basic unit of performance in baseball should be bases advanced. A base or bases can be advanced by a player getting a hit, a walk or a steal. Also, a batter may get credit for a base or bases advanced by moving runners along with a batted ball or walk. A batter has an opportunity to accrue bases advanced during a plate appearance; for statistical purposes, a plate appearance includes not only the batter's time at the plate but also anything that he might accomplish while on base as a result of that turn at bat. The basic stat derived from all this is *bases advanced per plate appearance*.

Examples: Eddie Murray hits a bases-empty home run—4 bases advanced, one plate appearance, BAPPA=4.000. Ken Singleton walks with bases loaded—4 bases advanced, one plate appearance, 4.000. Cal Ripken strikes out with men on first and third—no bases advanced, one plate appearance, 0.000. Don Ford hits into a double play (runner on first)—minus one base advanced, one plate appearance, -1.000. Lenn Sakata sacrifices a runner from first to second—one base advanced, one plate appearance, 1.000. Thus a single statistic includes a player's batting average, slugging percentage and RBIs, plus credit for walks, sacrifices and stolen bases.

From a pitcher's standpoint, the statistic becomes bases allowed per plate appearance faced. The starter who faces 31 hitters, giving up in different innings a double, two singles and a walk, has a BAPPA of 0.161.

There are still a few bugs to work out of this system—for example, does a batter who pops up with two out and a man on third get minus

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19TH HOLE continued

three for erasing those three bases already earned?—but in general this method seems to simplify the maze of statistics that baseball fans have to deal with.

DAVID R. ANELSON
Portsmouth, Va.

Sir:

Is Jeremiah Tax back from vacation yet? I think "Dave" LaCorte (page 86, relievers' chart) misses him.

BOB MUSCATELLO
Middletown, Conn.

• "Dave" LaCorte is, of course, Frank, and, as many readers pointed out, "Larry" Gantner on page 59 is Jim. We should have asked them for their autographs—ED

SCOUTING REPORTS

Sir:

How could anyone pick Baltimore fifth in the American League East behind Cleveland, a team that has finished 14 or more games out every season from 1960 through 1980?

NEIL JONES
Anzok, Md.

Sir:

What? The White Sox predicted to finish third behind the unstable A's and the washed-up veterans on the Angels? How can you take a team that finished second in the league in batting and fourth in club pitching, add Steve Kemp and Tom Patekore and put them third? You'll be hearing from me when my Sox win it all this October!

KURT DIEKELMAN
Thornton, Ill.

Sir:

If Mike Krukow can win 12 or 15 games with the Phillies as a lefthander, then the Cubs indeed are lowly. Krukow pitches with his right hand.

RICHARD GINGER
Santa Monica, Calif.

Sir:

I was shocked to see that you picked the Yankees to finish second in your scouting reports. Then the Yankees sent Dave LaRoche to the minors and traded Ron Davis away, and your pick seemed more realistic. With the addition of Roy Smalley, they have added another quality shortstop/third baseman who will rot on the bench as Larry Milbourne, Eric Soderholm and Aurelio Rodriguez are doing or have done.

BRIAN KREX
New York City

Sir:

You are wrong again. The Yankees will win the A.L. East.

MICHAEL SCHOLL
Sutton Island, N.Y.

Letters should include the name, address and home telephone number of the writer and be addressed to The Editor, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020



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